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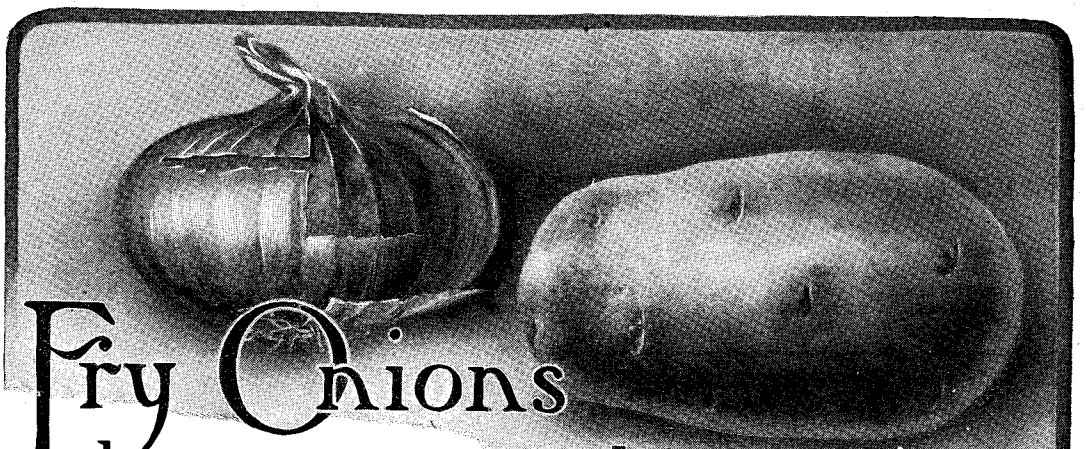

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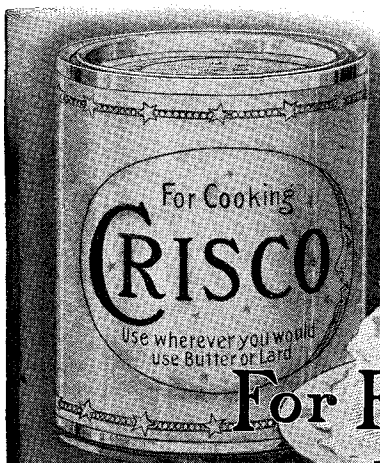

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The Outlook

MARCH 2, 1912

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

While assembled at Chicago on February 10, the Republican Governors of seven States, West Virginia, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Wyoming, Michigan, Kansas, and Missouri, addressed the following letter to Mr. Roosevelt:

"We, the undersigned Republican Governors, assembled for the purpose of considering what will best insure the continuation of the Republican party as a useful agency of good government, declare it our belief, after a careful investigation of the facts, that a large majority of the Republican voters of the country favor your nomination, and a large majority of the people favor your election, as the next President of the United States.

"We believe that your candidacy will insure success in the next campaign. We believe that you represent, as no other man represents, those principles and policies upon which we must appeal for a majority of the votes of the American people, and which, in our opinion, are necessary for the happiness and prosperity of the country.

"We believe that, in view of this public demand, you should soon declare whether, if the nomination for the Presidency come to you unsolicited and unsought, you will accept it.

"In submitting this request we are not considering your personal interests. We do not regard it as proper to consider either the interests or the preference of any man as regards the nomination for the Presidency. We are expressing our sincere belief and best judgment as to what is demanded of you in the interests of the people as a whole. And we feel that you would be unresponsive to a plain public duty if you should decline to accept the nomination, coming as the voluntary expression of the wishes of a majority of the Republican voters of the United States, through the action of their delegates in the next National Convention.

"Yours truly,
WILLIAM E. GLASSCOCK.
CHESTER H. ALDRICH.
ROBERT P. BASS.
JOSEPH M. CAREY.
CHASE S. OSBORN.
W. R. STUBBS.
HERBERT S. HADLEY."

To this letter Mr. Roosevelt has now replied as follows:

"*Gentlemen:* I deeply appreciate your letter, and I realize to the full the heavy responsibility it puts upon me, expressing as it does the carefully considered convictions of the men elected by popular vote to stand as the heads of government in their several States.

"I absolutely agree with you that this matter is not one to be decided with any reference to the personal preferences or interests of any man, but purely from the standpoint of the interests of the people as a whole. I will accept the nomination for President if it is tendered to me, and I will adhere to this decision until the Convention has expressed its preference. One of the chief principles for which I have stood and for which I now stand, and which I have always endeavored and always shall endeavor to reduce to action, is the genuine rule of the people; and therefore I hope that so far as possible the people may be given the chance, through direct primaries, to express their preference as to who shall be the nominee of the Republican Presidential Convention.

"Very truly yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

This is the way in which any one who knows Mr. Roosevelt would expect him to meet such a situation. In replying to the address of welcome at the Battery, in New York, on

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his return to this country in June, 1910, Mr. Roosevelt said: "I am ready and eager to do my part, so far as I am able, in helping solve problems which must be solved if we, of this the greatest democratic republic on which the sun ever shone, are to see its destinies rise to the high level of our hopes and its opportunities. This is the duty of every citizen, but it is peculiarly my duty; for any man who has ever been honored by being made President of the United States is thereby forever after rendered the debtor of the American people, and is bound throughout his life to remember this as his prime obligation." It is in this spirit that Mr. Roosevelt has yielded to the demands which have come to him from every part of the country, culminating in the unprecedented communication from the Republican Governors of seven States, and has declared that if the Republican nomination for the Presidency comes to him he will regard it as a call to service which he will not shirk. This duty laid before him has been not of his seeking. Now that it has come unsought, it plainly accords with what he said in the Battery Address. Mr. Roosevelt has met this duty as an American citizen should meet it. Whether the Governors have rightly interpreted the will of the party only the future will show.

A CHARTER OF DEMOCRACY

Mr. Roosevelt's Columbus address, delivered before the Ohio Constitutional Convention practically as it appeared in full in The Outlook last week, has since been the foremost subject of debate in the press and of discussion among individuals. It is a healthy political symptom that serious Constitutional questions and bold proposals for forward movement should thus take hold upon the whole people as they have not for years past. Both the dignified audience of delegates engaged in the task of re-making a State's fundamental law, and the advocate of democratic ideals who at their request set forth principles to be followed in promoting justice, alike regarded the occasion as of far more than personal or, in the temporary sense, political importance. The address was followed by the hearers with the utmost intentness for an hour and a half, and it was a common remark that the many women hearers were quite as continuous in their attention as the men, despite the theory that such topics as the initiative and referendum are supposedly in a non-feminine field. The frequent interjection by Mr. Roosevelt of colloquially phrased sentences which emphasized and illustrated his points made the address more pungent and less formal than if it had been merely read. Thus he charged the delegates, "Don't you get so fascinated with your work that you think no one can improve on it;" and when, apropos of "flintlock legislation," he said that the flintlock was a good gun in 1776, but this is 1912, he added, "But even when the gun is good, if the man doesn't know how to use it, I could beat him over the head with a stick." An interjected phrase or two in the paragraphs about the recall made it clearer to the hearers than it has been to some newspapers that Mr. Roosevelt's "recall of decisions" simply means that the people who made the Constitution should in the last resort have the right to say directly what they meant to do through it; and that as to judges who place technical rules above justice or refuse to right injustice, there should be *some* prompt, sure method of reform other than cumbrous impeachment —preferably perhaps the Massachusetts plan of recall through the Legislature, or, if more drastic means are needed, then whatever will best serve. And the hearers understood absolutely the unity of purpose in such rifle-shot sentences as "I am an emphatic believer in Constitutionalism," "I believe in the short ballot," "I believe in direct nominations by the people," "I believe in pure democracy;" and understood also that all were included in the sentence, "Human rights are supreme over all other rights." Naturally, the address, while it was not primarily written as a personal platform, was taken as such, although it did not treat of many National topics on which Mr. Roosevelt holds profound convictions, because to take them up then and there would have been totally out of place. The general belief that Mr. Roosevelt was on the point of stating his position as regards the growing demand that he shall be his party's candidate for the Presidency added zest and intentness to the interest in his Columbus speech. So also did the fact that it was his first address on general public questions for over a year. His personal reception at Columbus was cordial in the utmost degree; a crowd welcomed him at the station; another great assemblage waited two hours in the great rotunda outside the House of Representatives in hopes of a short address, and cheered him to the echo;

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elsewhere—at Cleveland and at smaller places—the familiar scenes of enthusiasm were, as on former Western trips, obviously hearty, spontaneous, and unconventional. No one who talked with either voters or politicians in Ohio could doubt for a moment the genuineness or extent of the desire for leadership that can hold together the element of the party which wants to put action against lethargy, human justice against technical stolidity, the equal opportunity of every man against special interests. What the country at large thinks of the new ground—so far as there was new ground—in this address The Outlook will report next week. The principles involved will be discussed from week to week in this journal both by Mr. Roosevelt under his signature and by The Outlook's own editorials.

THE RATES ON SECOND-CLASS MAIL

The President last week sent to Congress the annual report of the Postmaster-General and the report of the Commission on Second-Class Mail Matter. He commends the administration of the Department for the improvement in the service shown by the cutting down of cost, the shortening of methods, and the increase of efficiency. He also announces his disagreement with the recommendation of the Postmaster-General that the telegraph lines in the United States should be made a part of the postal system. The President declares his hearty concurrence in the recommendations of the Commission in regard to the rates on second-class mail matter, and commends them to the early attention of Congress. The report of the Commission, which, it will be remembered, was composed of Mr. Justice Hughes, President Lowell, of Harvard University, and Mr. Harry A. Wheeler, President of the Association of Commerce of Chicago, goes elaborately into the question of the cost of the transportation and handling of second-class mail matter by the Post-Office. The Commission concludes that as to one considerable part of the operations of the Post-Office adequate data were not available for any determination of the cost of handling any one class of matter; but that as to the other operations involved in the transportation of second-class mail the data are sufficient. It finds that the cost of such service is approximately five and a half cents a pound. One of the duties of the Commission, as set forth by Congress, was to ascertain what rates for the different kinds of second-class mail would "meet and reimburse the Government for the expense" incurred in their transportation and handling. This duty the Commission found itself unable to perform for the reason that any large increase in rate "would dislocate this part of the service and produce such entirely new conditions that a new computation of cost would be necessary." The Commission declared that the chief reason for an increase in the rate on second-class matter is not that the operations of the Post-Office as a whole are not profitable, but that the "true reason for the change is to apportion the cost of the service more equitably among the different classes of mail matter; at present the second class pays far less than its share." The Commission therefore recommends that the present rate of one cent a pound on newspapers and periodicals mailed by publishers and news agencies shall be increased to two cents a pound, and that the present free-in-county privilege be retained but not extended. This last recommendation is based upon the belief of the Commission that this privilege "may be regarded as a part of the settled policy of the Government to encourage the local country press" and upon its recognition "that this privilege is not likely to be withdrawn." The Commission further recommends that the Post-Office Department maintain an adequate cost system, so that the effect of the new rates may be closely observed and a proper basis may be secured for the consideration of any future proposals. The assumption on which the Commission bases its recommendation for an increase in the rate on second-class matter is that the rates on each class of mail matter should be sufficiently high so that the revenue from that class should practically equal the expense of handling it. We comment editorially upon this assumption on another page.

THE NEW SUPREME COURT JUSTICE

Mahlon Pitney, Chancellor of New Jersey—the highest judicial officer of the State—has been chosen by President Taft to fill the vacancy in the United States Supreme Court caused by the death of Justice Harlan. Native of New Jersey, graduate of Princeton, Representative in Congress from the Fourth District of his State, Senator in the State Legislature,

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and a Judge on the Supreme bench of the State since 1901, Chancellor Pitney has throughout his life been identified with the interests of New Jersey. His eminence in the legal profession is everywhere acknowledged. He might almost be said to have inherited his legal ability, for his father was Vice-Chancellor of New Jersey before him. He has been known for his fair-mindedness as well as for his legal learning. His popularity in his own State—a popularity that is a tribute not only to his genial personality, but also to his high character—is indicated by the fact that the present Democratic Governor, Mr. Wilson, and his Republican predecessor, Mr. Fort, have both expressed gratification at the appointment. The question that has been raised with regard to Chancellor Pitney is one which affects neither his learning in the law nor his reputation as a high-minded gentleman, but solely his attitude of mind toward the relation of the law with the conditions of modern industrial society. Some of the labor union leaders feel that he does not understand what is involved in justice to wage-earners. They base this feeling upon certain decisions which they attribute to him. Such feeling, it should be remembered, as they have is not always well founded, and may not be in this case. In these days, however, it is highly important that judges should not only be men of integrity and of learning, but also such as in the broadest sense can be called men of understanding. The history of the country, as former Ambassador Oscar Straus, in an address last week before Brown University, pointed out, may be divided into three periods: first, the period of National construction; second, the period of civil rights or of National preservation; and the present period, the period of social justice. It was because Chief Justice Marshall understood the spirit of his time that he contributed to that period of National construction; it was because Chief Justice Taney did not understand his time that he helped to bring disaster upon his country in the period of National preservation. So to-day the judge contributes to the well-being of his country largely according as he understands the prime necessity for social justice. The whole country hopes that Chancellor Pitney understands his time and will be responsive to the educative influence of the great cases involving social injustice that are brought before the Supreme Court.

JUSTICE FOR WORKMEN

Last week President Taft sent to Congress the report of the Employers' Liability Commission and the Commission's proposed Workmen's Compensation Bill. These documents were accompanied by a Message in which the President urged the enactment of the measure—the most advanced piece of Federal legislation on the subject yet presented. As Mr. Taft says, the proposed law would not only insure to employees of inter-State railways the quick adjustment of their claims for damages, it would also relieve the courts of a vast amount of work, thus enabling them to administer judicial affairs with greater despatch. The Federal Government should certainly take its place with those States which have passed legislation replacing the common-law system of employers' liability, based upon negligence, with its defenses of fellow-servant, contributory negligence, and assumption of risk, by a law by which workmen automatically recover damages. Under the old way, the cost of the accident or of difficult legal proceedings fell upon the workman; under the new way, the cost is made a charge upon the industry in which the injury is received. In other words, in the place of a law based upon *fault*, there should be everywhere a law based upon the *fact* of injury—a law recognizing as its basis that all injuries to workmen should be regarded as risks of the industry. Thus the proposed bill would provide that every common carrier engaged in inter-State commerce by railway shall pay compensation in the amounts specified in the bill to any of its employees who, while employed by such employer in such commerce, sustain personal injury by accident arising out of the course of the employment. Thirty days after the Act takes effect the United States District Court in each district is directed to appoint a competent person, to be known as Adjuster of Accident Compensation, and in default of agreement by arbitration either employer or employee may institute proceedings before the Adjuster for the settlement of the claim. Provision is made for a jury trial upon demand and also for appeals to the Circuit Court of Appeals and to the Supreme Court. The advantages of such a measure are evident. The main objections to it are three, and are thus disposed of by Mr. Taft. First, the question arises whether, under the provisions of the Commerce Clause of the Constitution, the bill can

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be considered to be a regulation of inter-State commerce. That is already settled by the Supreme Court's decision in the Employers' Liability case. Second, is the compelling of the railway companies to meet obligations arising from injuries a denial of the "due process of law"? The President answers that the Government's police power exercised in the regulation of inter-State commerce justifies the imposition upon inter-State railways of the liability for the injuries to its employees on an insurance basis. Third, is the right of trial by jury denied? The right is preserved by the provision in the proposed law permitting a jury to pass on the issue when duly demanded. We are glad that the President has spoken emphatically in regard to this subject. The general purpose of the bill is sound. There are a number of methods that might be adopted to accomplish that purpose. Whether the bill adopts the best methods will be clearer after it has been subject to scrutiny and to debate in Congress.

SECRETARY KNOX AND GENERAL OSPINA

At the President's request, Mr. Knox, Secretary of State, is to visit the Latin-American republics on the Caribbean Sea. For the purposes of the trip, the cruiser Washington is to be at Mr. Knox's disposal. In many respects this journey will be similar to that taken some years ago around South America by Senator Root when Secretary of State. The benefits of that trip were evident at once, and similar benefits are expected from Mr. Knox's journey. The only cloud on the horizon has come from General Pedro nel Ospina, the Colombian Minister, and late commander of the Colombian army, who gave out a communication in which he described the proposed visit to Colombia as "inopportune," basing his action on the non-acknowledgment by the State Department of a letter submitted by him three months ago requesting the arbitration of the pending questions between this country and Colombia. In the later communication he appeals the Colombian case from the State Department to the public, alleging that Colombia is the only nation with which our Government refuses to submit to an arbitral court questions referring to the interpretation of treaties. Whether the State Department was right or not in not acknowledging General Ospina's first letter, the publication by him of a letter adversely criticising the Government to which he is accredited was certainly a serious breach of etiquette, recalling the Dupuy de Lome, Thurston, and other indiscretions. Any need for our Government to send the Minister his passports has now been met by the Colombian Government's voluntary and prompt action in recalling him, thus smoothing the way for a settlement of the outstanding differences.

THE TURCO-ITALIAN WAR; PEACE PROPOSALS

Such well-informed journals as the Paris "Temps" and the Geneva "Journal de Genève" have lately given considerable space to a discussion of the proposals for peace which have emanated from Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. The proposals have all had as an aim the abandonment by Turkey of Tripoli and the consent by Italy to the payment of a large financial indemnity to Turkey. Germany and Austria, the allies of Italy in the Triple Alliance, are anxious that an early solution may be reached, if for no other purpose than to relieve Italy somewhat of the enormous pressure for men and money to meet the present situation. Like any other prudent concern, therefore, a majority of the members of the Triple Alliance have decided that its combined assets must not be wasted too far. As for Russia's efforts, we must seek their motive in her anxiety to preserve Slavic interests in the Balkan Peninsula. The spring is generally the time for risings there. In Macedonia the agitation is already intense. If this should lead to a general Balkan conflagration, Russian and Slavic interests might suffer. What the Balkan Peninsula needs is a federation of the Balkan States for common defense and mutual benefit.

THE SPY SYSTEM

The people of a non-military country like ours hardly appreciate what the spy system means to the more military Powers of Europe. In times of peace, while we practically ignore the spy, the European Powers do not. In dealing with spies, however, the methods of the Continental Powers differ from those of England, as is illustrated by two recent events. In Germany an Englishman, Bertrand Stewart, was arrested and charged with espionage. He proclaimed his innocence, alleging that he had

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been in Germany only three days; that he had fallen into a trap laid by an agent of disreputable character, who promptly notified the authorities that he had an Englishman in the toils. Interested in military matters, Mr. Stewart nibbled at the bait prepared for him, and doubtless, admits the London "Daily Chronicle," did commit an offense against the espionage law. The trial was secret. The prisoner was condemned and was sentenced to three and a half years' detention in a fortress. The feeling in England was not so much against the verdict as against the procedure of the German courts. Curiously enough, this event was followed within a few days by the sentence in an English court of a captain in the German merchant marine, arrested on a charge of espionage, to three years' penal servitude. The evidence showed that he had tried to get information as to the armaments of submarine vessels, the preparation for arming merchant ships in the event of war, and the extent of the naval coal reserves. In striking contrast to the German trial, the prisoner had the advantage of a jury trial in open court.

THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

Now that a provisional republic has been formed in China, the next step is to elect a national convention, and definitely to register the nation's will as to its future form of government. The convention should be fully representative, but it should not be so large as to be unwieldy. The plan proposed is that each central city of a district shall issue instructions calling the elders of the towns and villages to a district convention to elect a native, non-office-holding representative to go to the principal city of the whole region to meet other district delegates, and that these shall elect one of their number to proceed to the national convention. Besides these delegates, each of the provincial parliaments should also choose two representatives. For Tibet, Chinese Turkestan, and Mongolia, where there are no provincial legislatures, the provincial delegates should be chosen by the ruling chiefs and princes. Only when such a convention has been called, has definitely decided between the two principles of government—monarchical or republican—and has definitely established an administration, should the new Chinese Government be formally recognized by the Powers.

THE CHINESE FAMINE

If China has been facing the greatest political crisis of her history, she has also been facing another crisis—a terrible famine. Three million people are in dire need of help. For five years there have been but scant crops, and last year there was such a severe famine that work animals were eaten, schools were closed, the weak became beggars and the strong became robbers; there was even the sale of wives and daughters, often into lives of vice. This year the situation is worse than ever because benevolent Chinese who have given liberally in the past are now themselves ruined. The country is still in the throes of revolution. A letter just received from the Rev. Mr. Knickerbocker, of the American Presbyterian Mission at Ningpo, says that during the past summer terrific typhoons and devastating floods played havoc with immense tracts of farming land in the neighborhood of Hangchau Bay, and that the poor rice and cotton farmers, who have had to work day and night knee deep in water, have finally become penniless beggars. Fortunately, the American Red Cross is at hand to act as an agent in transmitting American relief, for which President Taft as President of the Red Cross has already made an urgent appeal. It should be heeded. Any funds sent to Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, Treasurer, No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, will be forwarded by cable, without any deduction for expenses, and will be expended to give relief only in return for labor, except in the case of those unable to work. The labor is to consist in the building and repairing of dikes and canals, and in such other work as will help to prevent the recurrence of floods and famine.

THE FIRST CHINESE REPUBLIC

The provisional Government recently set up by the Chinese revolutionists in the city of Nanking, under the Presidency of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, is generally regarded by Americans as the first republic ever established in eastern Asia. But such is not the case. The first republic in the Far East of which there is any record was established in northern Manchuria more than a quarter of a century ago by Russian immigrants from Siberia. In the year 1884 a wandering hunter, or fur trapper, accidentally discovered, on the Zheltuga, one of the Manchurian tributaries of the Amur River, a gold placer of such extraordinary richness that it

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promised to rival even the famous Klondike in Alaska. The news of the lucky find was not long in reaching Russian territory, and early the next spring there was a general rush of miners to this gold-field from all parts of eastern Siberia. Before the end of the year the population of the Manchurian mining camp exceeded ten thousand, and comprised representatives of half a dozen different native tribes, and at least two distinct races. A majority of the gold-seekers were Russian peasants, but in the heterogeneous minority were Chinese, Manchus, Mongols, Buriats, and nearly four thousand runaway convicts from the Siberian penal settlements and mines. As the Zheltuga placer was sixty miles south of the Russian boundary, and was separated by hundreds of miles of impassable wilderness from the nearest Chinese outpost, it was not subject to any law or any form of administrative control. Every man fought for his own hand and the inviolability of his own claim, and for several months no organized attempt was made by the community to safeguard property or life. At last robbery, claim-jumping, murder, and crime of every sort became so prevalent that something had to be done; and the non-criminal Russian peasants, who made up the larger and stronger part of the population, held a mass-meeting for the purpose of considering and discussing a state of affairs that had become absolutely intolerable. They finally decided to hold an election, adopt a constitution, and organize a government which should be modeled after that of the United States and should be known as the "Zheltuga Republic."

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE REPUBLIC

The best-educated man in the Zheltuga camp, who had been graduated from a Russian high school, drew up the constitution and was chosen as the first President; and, with the aid of an elected council, or cabinet, and an armed police force, he proceeded to reduce that population to order. The four thousand runaway convicts, who had always been accustomed to a despotism, and who were disposed to regard an elected administration with contempt, paid little attention at first to a government whose officers were common peasants like themselves. But they soon discovered that peasants who were free to act as their judgment dictated were not at all like peasants cowed by bureaucratic authority and intimidated by the threat of imprisonment or exile. The newly elected President drew up a penal code and appointed a bench of judges. The code provided for only two forms of punishment—flogging and execution. The court, which was at the same time a court of first instance and a supreme court, sat sixteen hours a day, and disposed every day of all the cases brought before it. If a man committed a crime, he had a trial within three hours, and, if found guilty, went to the scaffold or the whipping-post forthwith. There was no appeal, no recommendation to mercy, no commutation of sentence, no imprisonment, no delay. Punishment followed crime with as much regularity and certainty as effect follows cause in the realm of natural law. For a period of two weeks the officials of the Zheltuga Republic tried, flogged, and hanged day and night, almost without intermission. At the end of that time the mining camp was as safe a place of residence as St. Petersburg, and in two weeks more it became as orderly as a well-managed Sunday-school. Merchants who visited it declared that life and property were safer in the Chinese Republic than in any city, town, or village in the whole Russian Empire. As soon as the population had been reduced to order, the President and his cabinet organized an internal revenue service, established a postal system with a daily mail to and from the Siberian frontier, drew up a set of rules for sanitation, and erected a free public hospital.

LESSONS IN GOOD GOVERNMENT NOT WANTED

Before the end of 1886 the mining camp of the Zheltuga Republic was probably the best-governed place in Asia. By that time, however, it was becoming an object-lesson to the whole population of Asiatic Russia, and the Siberian peasants were saying to one another: "See what we could do if we were only allowed to govern ourselves, without interference from St. Petersburg." Finding that the Zheltuga Republic was "exciting the minds" of the people in Siberia, the Russian Government determined to put an end to its pernicious influence, and a few months later the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia established a military cordon along the whole Manchurian frontier north of the camp, for the purpose of cutting

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off its food supplies. The Republic, of course, had no agricultural lands; it could get nothing eatable from China, on account of the impassable wilderness that lay south of it; and when it was deprived of access to the Siberian markets, it quickly went to pieces. Most of the miners returned to Asiatic Russia, and when a Chinese military expedition, with the encouragement and support of the Russian Government, came up the Amur River on the ice the following winter to drive out the invaders and take possession of the camp, it found only a few sick men in the hospital. The Chinese soldiers tied these men to trees, poured freezing water over them until they died, and then, in a temperature far below zero, continued to pour water over them until they were incased in ice. Thus perished the last citizens of the first Chinese Republic.

KHARTUM CATHEDRAL

The consecration of the Anglican Cathedral at Khartum, the Sudanese capital, is an event of exceptional interest. The cathedral stands both as a recognition of Gordon's great work in the Sudan and as an impressive exhibition of the Christian faith to which Gordon was a consistent and heroic witness. As is fitting, the cathedral includes a Gordon chapel, to be used for daily services. This inscription has been placed in the chapel: "Praise God for Charles George Gordon, a servant of Jesus Christ, whose labor was not in vain in the Lord." The consecration sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, and its keynote was the example of Gordon. Dr. Ingram summoned to the mind of his hearers "the calm figure in a white uniform standing quite undismayed on the top of the palace steps awaiting the last rush of a victorious enemy held at bay by himself for eleven months. The cathedral work will perpetuate the Gordon spirit and be a stone in the arch of Christianity to span Africa from sea to sea. . . . It is our honor, duty, and privilege to see to it that Gordon's glorious death has not been in vain. There is no better way to do this than to bring home to the friends for whom he died the principles which governed his life." Besides the English prelates, there were present the Greek Archbishop of Abyssinia, the Coptic Archbishop of Jerusalem, and the Coptic Patriarch from Alexandria; and not only these Christians, but also the Grand Kadi and the Grand Mufti, the heads of the Mohammedan community at Khartum. Thus the consecration was also notable in bringing together religious men of many minds and many faiths.

THE PORTUGUESE COLONIES

Public attention is now being directed to the Portuguese possessions in Africa. They consist, in the east, of a region between German East Africa and British South Africa and called Portuguese East Africa, with a coast line of over a thousand miles, the principal ports of which are Mozambique, Beira, and Lourenço Marques. The last named is the most important; it was brought into prominence during the recent Boer War, as it is the eastern terminus of the railway running from the coast to Pretoria, the Transvaal capital. In West Africa the Portuguese possessions consist of the Cape Verde Islands, fourteen in number; of Portuguese Guinea; of the islands of San Thomé and Principe, the latter islands being well known by reason of their cocoa production; and, finally, of Angola, also with a coast line of over a thousand miles, bounded on the north by the Congo and on the south by German Southwest Africa and by British South Africa. It will thus be seen that these possessions comprise an empire in themselves. Like many other tropical lands, their agricultural and mineral wealth has been developed but to a small degree. As the possessions are of great importance commercially, industrially, and strategically, it is not surprising that England and Germany, the next colonial neighbors to the south, should have often cast envious eyes on some parts of the Portuguese colonies, conscious of ability to develop them economically and morally.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY IN AFRICA

England's first desire is to obtain a right of way for the Cape-to-Cairo railway. Other desires are to obtain the port of Lourenço Marques and Delagoa Bay, on which it is situated, and the port of Beira, farther north, as giving her great colonies of the Transvaal and Rhodesia ample outlets to the sea through British territory. Germany, on the other hand, wants to extend her East African colony to the south and her southwest colony to the north. But in especial, she would like to possess the English port at Walfisch Bay, for

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it is in the midst of the coast line of her own Southwest African colony, and is the best natural port between Cape Colony and Angola. It is interesting to note that the south-to-north Cape-to-Cairo railway crosses the line of the transcontinental railway which Germany has projected between her East and West African possessions. The question arises whether this might not lead to a deadlock. The problem might be solved, so it seems to us, by an arrangement of mutual profit, similar to our arrangement with Canada. Two Canadian roads cross Maine to the coast, and one American road crosses Ontario. The benefit of what is practically a bonding privilege, both to passengers and freight, is of continually increasing value to both countries. If the Portuguese possessions in Africa, together with the southern portion of the Congo State, were, for the most part, ultimately to fall to the share of Germany by right of purchase, the dream of German expansionists for a unified Central African Empire would be satisfied, and English interests would have been called upon for no great material sacrifice. The tension which his existed between England and Germany would thus, we believe, be materially lessened, and the world's peace would be the gainer.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION IN NEW YORK

The Chamber of Commerce of New York City has taken up very seriously the question of commercial education, and has appointed a committee, of which Mr. George P. Brett is chairman, for the purpose of awakening interest, preparing a plan of action, and giving it practical effectiveness. The Chamber has decided to establish a Commercial Education Council, to consist of members of the Chamber and other residents of the city interested in the subject. The Council is to secure facilities for commercial education in the elementary schools of the city for boys and girls obliged to leave school at the age of fourteen; to establish evening schools for commercial education; to obtain additional facilities for commercial education in the secondary schools of the city; to provide a well-equipped and thoroughly organized College of Commerce with facilities for the expert training of men for the city's rapidly growing export trade and for the training of teachers in commercial education. The Chamber of Commerce is also to establish, according to this plan, a free employment bureau for the use of all students of commercial education who shall secure the Chamber of Commerce certificate of proficiency in commercial subjects; it is also to establish a Commercial Museum, which shall contain a well-equipped library bearing on commercial education subjects. Facilities for this kind of education are partially provided for in the secondary schools, and there are high schools of commerce; but in the great majority of high schools the course of study is still modeled on the college entrance examinations, and, accordingly, Mr. Brett says, its inadequacy is proved by the fact that not more than one-half the pupils stay long enough in school to complete the course. Colleges of commerce should train men for positions requiring expert knowledge, like bank managers and directors of large enterprises, and especially should educate men in the use of foreign languages for the growing export trade, and make them familiar with the customs, history, and economic conditions of foreign people. This is a matter of high importance. Commercial education lies at the basis of modern business success, and has been the secret of the immense advance which Germany has made along commercial lines during the last few years. The Chamber of Commerce has not taken up the matter a day too soon.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE

The home of Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, who died last week, was one of the most interesting and delightful in New York. The host and hostess had been married sixty-three years, and, through many vicissitudes, had come to the harvesting of their lifelong devotion and their dauntless courage. They began their common life under happy conditions; they passed through a storm which wrecked their personal fortunes and destroyed the social order in which they had been born and bred; they began life again among strangers; they not only rebuilt their shattered fortunes, but each won a high place in the esteem of a host of friends and distinction in public work. General Pryor was a brilliant man when he left the University of Virginia, and Mrs. Pryor became prominent in Washington society shortly after her marriage. When war began the dashing Virginian became a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, and his daring speedily made him a marked man. At the close of the war he took up

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the study of law and came to New York to begin life again, without acquaintances, but with rare ability to make them. He was without money, and began at the bottom, copying and serving his own papers. Mrs. Pryor followed her husband's brigade through the war and was often in great peril, and she gallantly accepted the hardships of the long fight to rebuild the shattered fortunes of the family. General Pryor became a Justice of the Supreme Court, and Mrs. Pryor a notably successful worker in philanthropic enterprises, the center of a delightful circle of friends, and a successful writer. Her war experiences were turned to good account in her "Reminiscences of Peace and War," one of the intimate reports of the great struggle. Her "Mother of Washington and Her Times" is a delightful picture of the older Virginian life; the later life she described in several books with charming sympathy and from first-hand knowledge.

THE RETURN TO FAIRYLAND: A FRENCH CINDERELLA IN OPERA

In the period that has evolved operatic Electras and Salomes—the most extreme development of the bizarre and the exotic, if not the decadent, in opera—it is reassuring to contemplate in the same institution evidences of the return to fairyland. The great success of "The Blue Bird" last year was one indication that these stories of the childhood of the race, whether symbolic or simple, told in words or music, can still cast their spell in an apparently commercialized city in a material, rationalistic age. This fact was first revealed by the great and immediate popularity of Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel," the first of the fairy-tale operas, and an essentially German product in its combination of the homely, the quaint, and the elfin. Even as the earlier and greater German master, Wagner, set to music mythology and the conflicts of the gods, so Humperdinck has made music drama out of childhood and the immortal good and wicked fairies. "Hänsel und Gretel" remains a work unsurpassed. The German mind perhaps more than that of any other race seems akin to the spirit of legend and fairyland. It is interwoven with all its literature and art—it is a German city that has a statue of Red Riding Hood and the Wolf within sight of its principal thoroughfare. And so it is from the German composers that most of these fairy-tale operas have come, from "Der Freischütz" and "Oberon" to "Hänsel und Gretel." Last year Humperdinck's "Königskinder" was given. Now it is almost as firmly established in the affections of the public as the preceding opera. This year "Lobetanz," another German musical fairy story—concocted, not classic—a charming, if not profound, piece of musical workmanship, recorded a success. Approximately in the same class is the latest operatic venture in fairyland—Massenet's "Cinderella"—presented for the first time in New York on February 20, at the Metropolitan Opera-House by the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company. Here we have a French version of an immortal nursery tale following with little variation the familiar lines of the story. Although first produced in Paris in 1899, after the success of "Hänsel und Gretel" in Germany, its librettist, Henri Cain, declared that it was independently conceived and written. Thoroughly French in its dainty eighteenth-century atmosphere, the story is told in music appropriate and pleasing—the characteristic Massenet who is always graceful and never surprising. Yet the music suits the story. The whole presents itself to the imagination as a decoration in miniature on the porcelain service or painted fan of some little French princess of that tinted, artificial, light-hearted age of the minuet. The production, gorgeously set and efficiently stage-managed, was in the right key throughout.

STUDY OF THE DRAMA AT HARVARD

The study of the drama at Harvard, under the direction of Professor George P. Baker, on which The Outlook has commented at various times, has broadened into what is practically an important department of university instruction. Interest in this study has deepened and broadened until what was at first a general literary course has now become what may be loosely called a major subject. Undergraduate interest in the subject was manifested very early by a request from students for the privilege of substituting for theses on the course of the drama their own plays, in which the principles of dramatic construction and theory should be practically worked out. Then followed, also at the request of students, a course in the Composition of Plays, and seven years ago a half-course on the Technique of the Drama was established, supplementing various other courses which bore directly on the drama; three courses in the

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classics, seven in comparative literature, six in German, three in French, one in Spanish, and one in Slavic, all dealing with subjects of dramatic interest. The composition of plays is confined to a small group of those who have shown some promise of dramatic ability. Each student begins with writing an adaptation from some story in a single act, then writes an original one-act play, and finally writes an original play in three or four acts, all these productions being subject to criticism and discussion in the class.

BETTER PLAYS IN COLLEGE

Meanwhile, the plays presented by undergraduate playwrights have passed through a change, and good old-fashioned comedies are now substituted for the more or less inferior productions once dear to the college amateur. A reproduction of the stage of Shakespeare's time was prepared and its use begun by three performances of Ben Jonson's "Epicœne," the audience furnishing as important a part of the revival as the actors. Improvements were made in this stage construction; and later, this improved stage, embodying certain specifications in recently discovered contracts for the building of old theaters, was set up in Sanders Theater; and Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson gave a memorable performance of "Hamlet." The Harvard Dramatic Club, established in 1907, has stimulated the production of original plays, written chiefly by students in the University and in Radcliffe College, and acted by well-trained amateurs, both men and women. This club presents each year in the autumn term a single three or four act play, and in the spring three one-act plays. Among its founders were Edward Sheldon, David Carb, Allan Davis, and other promising young men, and it has produced plays by Mr. Davis, Mr. Hagedorn, Mr. MacKaye, Mr. Carb, and others. It saw the first performance of "The Scarecrow." Within the last two years Professor Baker has been intrusted with two prizes intended to foster the study of dramatic writing. The MacDowell Club, of New York City, has offered a fellowship in dramatic composition, with a stipend of $600 to be assigned to a student for a year of work; and Mr. John Craig has given $500 to the University, of which $250 goes to the Library for the purchase of books on the English stage, and $250 for a prize for an original play. This prize was given last year to Miss Florence Lincoln, for her play "The End of the Bridge," which was subsequently produced at the Castle Square Theater, in Boston, and ran for more than a hundred performances. It has been well said that the development of this department of Harvard "is a good example of the direct service a university can do to the country by intelligent foresight, and readiness to open up new fields of study." Professor Baker has not only done important work in the teaching of literature, but is doing missionary work for the art and morals of the theater.

FRANK DISCUSSION OF RELIGIOUS TENETS

The Commission to secure a Conference on Faith and Orders, appointed at the General Convention of the Episcopal Church held in Cincinnati in the autumn of 1910, has addressed a letter to the Commissions already appointed by eighteen Protestant Churches to give effect to the purpose to "study and discuss those things in which we differ" as a step, through a clearer understanding of the differences between Christians, to their coming together. The Conference will not have any power of action; it will seek to create light, not to generate motion. If light comes, motion will follow; for it is largely the prejudices and misunderstandings which originate in ignorance that keep Christians apart at a time when their united influence is sorely needed. The letter sent out by the Commission follows the line of frank and courageous facing of difficulties marked out in the definition of its purpose: it suggests that the clergy preach on the subject of unity; that both clergy and laity study the tenets of faith and order which "lie at the foundation of their position and constitute the justification for their separateness;" that this study be critical, so that the vital points for which the particular communion stands "may be clearly distinguished from its general body of Christian doctrine;" that special attention be given to denominational standards of doctrine; that the doctrines of other communions be examined for the purpose of understanding their value to those who hold them; that there be habitual prayer for unity and divine guidance. These suggestions are admirable in spirit and form and show the great and significant change of attitude toward one another that has already come over all Christian communions.

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THE POST-OFFICE AND THE PEOPLE

In any legislation the prime consideration should be, not any private interest, however large, but the public welfare. This consideration should govern whether the legislation concerns the tariff, or our natural resources, or the postal rate on periodicals. This does not mean that we should revise the tariff without regard to its effect on any special manufacturer, or that we should make our laws for the conservation of our natural resources without regard to those who own the land in which those resources are stored, or that we should change the postal rate without regard to the prosperity of the periodical press; but it does mean that the manufacturer, that the landowner, that the periodical publisher, should take secondary place, and that the first place should be given to the welfare of the whole people.

The fact that legislation is recommended affecting the postal rates on periodicals gives us occasion to reiterate this principle. The recommendations to which we refer are those made by the Commission on Second-Class Mail Matter and transmitted to Congress with his indorsement by the President of the United States. What those recommendations are we outline on another page.

Those recommendations themselves we do not here discuss. What we do discuss is the basis of those recommendations. Is it a sound basis? Does it accord with the principle that we have stated—the consideration of the welfare of the whole people?

The object to which that Commission was devoted was the ascertainment of the cost of carrying through the mails second-class matter. It reached its conclusion as to that cost, and it has made its recommendation upon what it found out with regard to that cost. The principle which this Commission assumes to be the right one is stated in the following words: "The true reason for the change is to apportion the cost of the service more equitably among the different classes of mail matter. . . ." This assumption is accepted as sound by the President in his Message transmitting the recommendation, for he says, "It is not just that some classes of mail should be exorbitantly taxed to meet a deficiency caused by other classes."

This assumption on the part of the Commission and the President is purely an assumption. Neither the Commission, nor the President, nor the Postmaster-General in his admirable report accompanying the Message, gives the slightest hint of a reason why the law should establish equality among different classes of mail matter. The assumption is one that, in fact, has no sound basis. The purpose of free government is not to secure an equality of treatment as among things; it is to secure equality of treatment as among people. To assume that one class of mail matter has rights as against another class of mail matter is to exalt things to a level with people. The object of the Post-Office is not to serve equitably all classes of mailable matter, but all classes of people alike.

The question, therefore, with regard to rates of postage is a question as to what will best serve the whole people in the distribution of mail. If it will best serve the whole people that all classes of mail matter be treated alike, they should be treated alike; but that would have to be proved, and it has not been proved. If it will best serve the whole people that different classes of mail matter be treated differently, then they ought to be treated differently. That has not been proved, but it is the present method, and any change in that method should not be made until it is proved that the change will serve, not mail matter, but people more equitably. The officers of the Government are not servants of mail matter; they are servants of the American people. It is not mail matter that pays the postage, it is not any special interest that pays the postage, it is the people themselves. They pay the postage on letters, on packages, and on periodicals and newspapers that are mailed. If one class of people paid postage on one class of mail, and another class of people paid postage on another class of mail, equality between classes of mail matter would mean equality between classes of people, but such is not the fact. There is no class of people that does not profit equally with every other class in the Government transportation of mail.

Postage should be so fixed, and the Post-Office Department should be so conducted, that the whole people is served in the carrying of the whole mail to the widest extent and at the least possible cost. Any change in the postal rate, any change in the management of the Post-Office, which restricts the widest and most economical distribution of all mailable matter is contrary to the public welfare. Any change which furthers the widest and most economical distribution of

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mail possible is for the public welfare. The sole consideration should be as to what serves the whole public best.

Before Congress acts upon this report it should make up its mind whether the change recommended is in the interest of all the people or simply in the interest of the mail matter.

"THE AMERICAN RHINE"

The scenic improvement of the Hudson River is not a local matter; it is not even an Eastern matter; it concerns every citizen of the United States who wishes to have the scenic beauties and wonders of this country properly preserved.

For this reason The Outlook desires to call the attention of its readers throughout the country to what has been done for the preservation of the Palisades and the Highlands of the Hudson along the west bank of the splendid river which has often been called, in an endeavor to measure its beauty by standards known to all the world, the American Rhine. Briefly, the history of the movement is this.

For years quarrying and other industrial interests had threatened the defacement and even the partial destruction of the Palisades. In 1894, at the suggestion, we believe, of Mr. F. P. Albert, a citizen of New Jersey, a group of public-spirited men proposed a plan for the preservation of the Palisades which has since been carried on with admirable energy and has been extended to include a Park system to Newburgh, including West Point, the picturesque seat of the United States Military Academy.

Under this plan the States of New York and New Jersey united in the formation of a joint Commission to protect the Palisades and to dedicate them to the public service as an Inter-State Park—a fine example of inter-State co-operation for common interests. This joint Commission, composed of an equal number of members from New York and New Jersey, was appointed by the Governors of these two States. Legislative action was taken in each State upon the report of this preliminary Commission, placing under the jurisdiction of a permanent Commission, with authority to take title by purchase or condemnation, a strip of land which includes the entire face and ridge of the Palisades. This strip extends for fourteen miles from a point opposite the upper end of New York City to the town of Piermont-on-the-Hudson.

The State of New Jersey in this joint action made by far the greatest sacrifice of private interests, for eleven miles of the strip were in the State of New Jersey, while only three miles were in the State of New York. The New Jersey portion has been entirely condemned, purchased, and made a public park, and the State of New Jersey has appropriated half a million dollars for the building of a road or boulevard along the shore of the river through this Inter-State Park as a memorial to Henry Hudson. When the ultimate plans of the Inter-State Park Commission and those associated with it are carried out, the road or boulevard designed for the New Jersey portion of the Palisades Park will be continued practically along the river's edge from New York City through the Highlands of the Hudson and the United States Reservation at West Point to Newburgh Bay, thus forming a continuous drive as beautiful in its way as the famous Cornice Road of the Mediterranean, and connecting with that which proceeds to Albany.

Such a boulevard is now practically assured, and the Commission needs only the support of public opinion, and such gifts of money as generous-minded donors may add to suitable appropriations on the part of the Legislature, to complete its construction. The records show that the preliminary commission of the New York Legislature and Governor Roosevelt, who signed the bill creating the New York portion of the Inter-State Palisades Park, all had clearly in mind this idea of a continuous river boulevard. The permanent Commission, which now has charge of the work, and the president of which is Mr. George W. Perkins, also looks forward to the completion of this continuous boulevard as the final achievement for which it is striving.

Unfortunately, private property-holders at two points on the river have placed such obstacles in the way of the Commission as to hinder them in the fullest and best completion of the plan. Near the town of Piermont private owners of the river front have made it necessary for the Commission to run the boulevard, at least temporarily, back into the country from the shore of the river; and at a point near Storm King Mountain the proprietors of a stone quarry have so far prevented the construction of the boulevard from West Point to Cornwall. But these, we believe, will be only temporary interruptions,

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for twenty-one pieces of property with domestic residences have been condemned and acquired in the New Jersey territory of this parkway along the Hudson River, and common justice and the good faith of the State of New York require that the private owners of New York property should receive and accept the same treatment as the owners of private property in New Jersey.

We know the social and political pressure that private interests sometimes bring to bear on public officials when individual citizens are called upon to make sacrifices for the common good. One may sympathize with individual citizens when they are compelled to make such sacrifices, without swerving, however, from the belief that sacrifices of this kind are at times both necessary and desirable. In the building of the great aqueduct which is to carry water from the Catskills to New York City one entire village—a beautiful and thriving one—has been blotted out of existence, and its site will lie under forty or fifty feet of water. The owners of homes in that village can never be fully compensated by the payment of money damages. The family associations of generations have been destroyed for the benefit of the public; but the Aqueduct Commissioners could not and would not save the homes of that village and thus spoil the aqueduct.

The Palisades Park Commission desires, we are convinced, to take the same stand in its condemnation of the private property necessary for the completion of a Hudson River parkway boulevard. It ought to be supported in this desire by public opinion, and, if necessary, by the action of the Legislature.

We hope the New York Legislature will take a definite and continued interest in this great undertaking.

PRAYER AND LAW

A correspondent writes:

In connection with the editorial entitled "Prayer and Its Answers," appearing in The Outlook for January 6, may I call attention to another recent volume which contains suggestions along the lines you have followed, and which may be of help in coming to a truer understanding of the nature of prayer?

The book is that by Joseph Henry Crooker on "The Church of To-Morrow." He says: "All the prayers of all the saints could never span the river with a bridge, nor move a train the smallest fraction of an inch, nor produce a more abundant harvest. . . . To attempt to produce these results in the world of matter by the use of any except physical means is so far an act of impiety; it is so far a disloyalty to the divine order, an act of practical atheism. The simple fact is that God has not given human desire a mechanical efficiency in the physical world, any more than he has given the force of gravity a psychological efficiency in the world of human thought; . . . and yet true prayer is not ruled out of even these realms by this interpretation. Whatever helps the bridge-builder, the engineer, and the farmer to a divine life makes possible a stronger bridge, a safer train, a better harvest." Perhaps it is just here that we are to look for the greatest value of prayer so far as material things is concerned. It does not necessarily break or thwart a law of nature in bringing the answer desired, but so influences us in the unseen realm of our existence that we become better equipped mentally, physically, or spiritually, as the case may be, to secure by our own endeavors the blessings we crave.

Mr. Crooker goes on to suggest "the fact that in the railroad wreck the iron bar did not bend before your entreaty to let your dear one escape may have led you to conclude that nature is cruel. But when you look at that marvelous web of iron and steel suspended high in the air above the river, over which thousands pass daily from city to city in safety just because there is an established order in nature, and iron is always iron, then is it not possible to feel that the supreme mercy of God is in the order of nature, and that our prayers are not needed to soften what we had hastily called the cruelty of law?"

The reign of law and the power of prayer are in antagonism only to those who define the miracle as an interference with the operation of natural law. In no other world than one in which cause follows effect could prayer mean anything or accomplish anything. The order of the world, shown in the common obedience to law of the atom and the sun, is the assurance of a divine intelligence expressed through a divine will at the heart of things. The boy who discovers that by teasing he can bend his father's will to his own no longer respects his father, and loses that tremendous source of strength to a boy—the sense of the guardianship of a tender but strong, resolute nature behind him, eager to help him, but not to be moved by an appeal to spare the self-denial, sacrifice, and pain which may be essential to the boy's growth. The easy-going father who shirks his duty to his boy because it is painful to give pain is an enemy to his boy's happiness; and the doting mother who spares her child and permits her weak affection to blind her to his faults often leads him to a disastrous future.

Prayer can find place only in a world of law directed by a God who loves his children with so clear a vision of what they can become that in his sight denial and pain and sorrow are but incidents in the immortal life. But

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he who would limit the resources of prayer would limit the power of God, and he who would measure its efficiency by any kind of mechanical test would show complete ignorance of its nature.

OUT OF FASHION?

This generation has all the signs of youth thick upon it—splendid audacity, genuine enthusiasm, faith in itself; it has also the consciousness of superiority over the age which preceded it. We build memorials to the men and women of the nineteenth century, but we carefully commemorate their defects. When we talk about the mid-Victorian period, there is a patronizing note in our voices; we seem to be always saying: "Poor dears! they meant well, but how prolix and sentimental they were, and how heavy was their hand on art!" They are old-fashioned, as we shall be in thirty years; but are their clothes any queerer than ours will be a generation hence? If they are, it will be because there were more of them! They practiced a certain reticence which some sophisticated people to-day have discarded; they would have been shocked by plays which we take as a matter of course; we know much more about life than they did, if you call it life; a good deal of the experience we call "seeing life" they would have called "seeing death;" and they had queer, old-fashioned ideas about privacy from which we have emancipated ourselves.

Our age is a good age largely because the nineteenth century was a good age. We are doing the work which that century laid out for us. It was a century of artists who were also prophets. From Shelley to Swinburne it was stirred by rebels of genius, and we are in the throes of the revolution they set in motion. Carlyle's eloquent denunciation of labor conditions evoked a storm of protests; Charles Kingsley struck hands with the Chartists; in his large vision the great poet who won the Laureate's wreath by divine right as well as by royal authority wrote:

"Men, my brothers, were the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

Charles Dickens did not exploit the poor; he did more—he brought them within the circle of warmth and light; and men and women in ease and comfort saw them for the first time.

The old legal maxim, "No time runs against the king," is not true of the sovereigns by divine right. Time has run against them all; it has run against Charles Dickens. Some of the novels have gone to the upper shelf. What of that? All great capitalists make some bad investments. How much remains? When Dickens's popularity was contagious throughout the English-speaking world, Walter Bagehot, one of the sanest of critics, wrote, "Books which have thus been tried upon mankind and have thus succeeded must be books of great genius." You may question the art and force it to confess grave defects. You cannot question the genius.

The English publishers of Dickens have made public recently some facts about the sale of his books which are suggestive. He may be old-fashioned; but Messrs. Chapman & Hall sold 750,000 copies of his novels last year! If this is being out of fashion, there must be many novelists who would hail with joy the spread of the belief that they were out of date. The sudden popularity of "Pickwick" was as surprising to Dickens as the discovery of a gold mine in Fleet Street would have been. The sale of the monthly parts ran up to fifty thousand copies! When "The Old Curiosity Shop" appeared, the sale of monthly parts rose to seventy thousand! And now, forty years after Dickens's death, 750,000 copies of his stories have been sold in a single year! A lady who had been visiting at Farringford years ago brought home some of those wonderful photograph portraits taken by Mrs. Cameron, an amateur of genius. She sent for the fashionable photographer of the day and showed them to him. "They are all out of focus," was his first remark. "My dear man," was the prompt reply, "if you could only get out of focus you would make your fortune." If Dickens is out of fashion, who is in fashion? Will Mr. Shaw and Mr. Arnold be out of fashion in this extraordinary way fifty years hence? And this great crowd of readers seem to have considerable discrimination, for they are giving the first place to the "Tale of Two Cities," the second to "David Copperfield," and the third to the "Pickwick Papers;" the first, the most dramatic though not the most characteristic of the novels; the second, the most characteristic and autobiographic in tone; and Pickwick and his friends, the most broadly humorous, quaint, old-fashioned, and convivial of the figures on the Dickens stage.

Of course Dickens is old-fashioned; his

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faults are as obvious as his genius; in several particulars there are better ways of writing than Dickens followed, and the mid-Victorian period was queer and provincial in many ways. But modesty becomes us when we measure ourselves by its achievements in fiction and poetry, and especially in social and economic reform. We have learned to speak respectfully of the sixteenth century, although the printing-press was in its infancy and the newspaper was still to be born, and there were no flying-machines. The century lacked nearly all our conveniences and mechanisms; but it throbbed with vitality, it had dauntless courage and much more than its share of genius. The Victorian age is out of fashion in the same way that Dickens is out of fashion; its clothes are not worn now, and some of its defects and exaggerations have been killed by satire and wider experience; but our electric lights do not dim its glorious sunburst of genius, and most of our legislation and organization for social justice are experiments in pursuit of its ideals.

THE COURT OF THE CHILDREN

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

FOURTEEN years ago there did not exist a single children's court in the entire civilized world. To-day it is an acknowledged and permanent institution not only in our country, which had the honor of creating it, but in many other countries as well.

The object of the children's court is to set apart the few child criminals, and to care for the children who are not criminals, but in danger of becoming such, by putting them on the road towards good citizenship. Naturally the court destined to fulfill such a function must discard many of the traditions and practices of the past. It is not sufficient for a judge to decide that a child has offended or that he has been neglected. It is necessary to determine what was the underlying cause for the offense or condition, and what can be done for the child's betterment. Discipline must be inflicted if discipline is necessary. Nevertheless, the disciplinary function is less important than the function providing a means of prevention. It is the first duty of the court to do its share in eliminating the causes that make for the neglect of children, and for the misconduct that may come either from such neglect or from sheer misguided and misunderstood activity. The judge must have peculiar qualities. He must avoid sentimentalism on the one hand and narrow-mindedness on the other. Only thus can he make the children's court fulfill its function, a function which includes saving the child, preserving the family, and arousing the public to the need of abolishing the social conditions that breed crime and misery.

Judge Lindsey, of Denver, a citizen who has emphatically deserved well not only of the State of Colorado but of the entire Republic, by his actions and writings first brought vividly before our people both the need and the usefulness of children's courts. Since then much has been done in other cities. I happen to have followed the work of the Children's Courts in Chicago, Washington, and Baltimore, under Judges Mack, De Lacey, and Williams. On the invitation of Judge Hoyt, then presiding in the Court, I visited the New York City Children's Court. The visit was interesting in more ways than one. I hardly knew whether most to admire the admirable work Judge Hoyt and the men and women associated with him were doing, under adverse conditions, or to wonder at the fact that the biggest city of the country should be so disgracefully behind most other big cities in providing decent facilities for doing this work. New York stands at the tail end of the movement for dealing with juvenile delinquency in a progressive and enlightened manner. In New York there are no special Children's Court judges, whereas all the other leading cities have men who devote their time exclusively to this work. Some of the New York judges do admirable work in this Court, but others, who are excellent men in their regular work, are not fitted for this particular task, and do not and cannot become expert in it, or conversant with the needs of the children who appear before them. There must be special children's court judges if the work of the children's courts is to be properly handled. Such a man as Judge Hoyt would give ideal results if he were willing to undertake the matter permanently.

In New York there are almost no regular paid probation officers. The chief court, the

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Manhattan Children's Court, has only one paid probation officer, although the number of cases before it averages over ten thousand a year. As a contrast, the Chicago Children's Court, where the number of cases a year are but thirty-five hundred, has thirty-five paid probation officers—indeed, all told, Chicago has now a total of about sixty officers who are engaged in the probational work. In New York there are a few volunteer probation officers paid by charitable organizations, the Protestants, Catholics, and Jews all making special efforts of one kind or another to supply the lack of paid city officials. Doubtless it will always be expedient to rely largely on this private charitable work—in other words, not to substitute the city work for it, but to treat each as complementing and supplementing the other; but that private charitable religious societies should be left to do all, and the city practically nothing, is discreditable. At present various philanthropic and religious societies—non-sectarian, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish—are doing onerous work which would be left entirely undone were it not for them. It is only the efforts of these volunteer charitable and religious bodies which enable the New York courts to do anything at all.

The city should take prompt steps to put the work on a satisfactory basis, and to make the necessary appropriation. There should be centers for delinquency work scattered throughout New York. The mere physical extent of the city renders it impossible to expect the best results if too much concentration is attempted. Each district center should have two or three probation officers, who would weed out the minor and trivial cases. Only serious offenses should be sent to the central Children's Court, where the children's judge would preside in person. Of course every effort should be made to avoid breaking up the home; but we must face the fact that it is sometimes imperative to take away the child from vicious home surroundings. Under an adequate probation system, a thorough investigation by a probation officer is made in each case before the child comes up for trial. This gives the judge that knowledge of the child's life without which he cannot efficiently deal with the case. The probation officer occupies a peculiarly delicate and important position. His work is to make himself not merely the friend, but the acknowledged and trusted friend, of the child given to his care. On the other hand, he must beware of sentimentalism and over-leniency, which are exactly as fatal defects as harshness and lack of sympathy. To pamper a child on probation may be the most effective possible way of ruining him. Too much attention cannot be paid to getting the right type of man for probation officer. His personality is the most important factor in the probation system. The system is sure to break down, and the whole cause to be thereby discredited, if it is applied to improper cases, if improper methods of oversight are used, and, above all, if the probationary officers have not sound heads as well as sound hearts.

In New York hitherto the work has been chiefly done by volunteers, as already said. The Protestant denominations have for the most part worked through the Big Brother Movement, a work which was started at the suggestion of Mr. Coulter, the clerk of the Children's Court, some seven years ago. He began with a group of forty men connected with Dr. Wilton Merle Smith's church, the purpose being to help to place on the road to good citizenship by individual effort boys who had been before the Children's Court, most of whom were victims merely of their environment. Judge Hoyt is the President of the incorporated Big Brother Movement. Each Big Brother agrees to take a friendly interest in one lad who has gotten into conflict with the law. The work has grown until in the year which ended October 1 last 2,200 boys were cared for, only ninety of whom got back to court, so that ninety-six per cent went straight. Such a record of efficiency needs no comment. There are few forms of helpful effort which obtain such big results from such small money expenditure. This is due to the effective expression of individual neighborly help. There are gymnasium classes and summer camps, there is a Big Brother farm of 250 acres, and ultimately the right kind of employment is generally found for the lads. A general secretary is employed who enlists the proper men as Big Brothers, and there is also a court investigator, who goes to the home of each lad before his case is turned over to the Big Brother. In the year 1911, 690 men worked actively as Big Brothers, taking charge of 2,200 boys. (I give the figures in round numbers.) The court investigators made 2,200 personal visits to boys' homes; 1,200 boys themselves called at the office for advice and guidance. Over three hundred boys were sent to summer camps for vacations of from

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two to eight weeks, and, aside from the moral gain, they averaged a physical gain of nearly ten pounds apiece in weight. Two hundred boys obtained employment through the office, forty had permanent homes found for them, others were placed in hospitals, and a number of successful boys' clubs were formed. No less than twenty-six cities have followed New York's lead in this matter, and it is some comfort to think that if New York is behind in governmental action for these boys, she has led the way in various forms of private action. Until the past year the work was financed almost entirely by men of small means, and it has not yet had anything like the financial backing that it should have. A similar work has now been undertaken for the girls; and for girls of this type the need of such work is, if anything, even greater than for boys.

A similar Jewish Big Brother Movement has been started, with as its general secretary Alexander H. Kaminsky. The announced object of the organization is to give the juvenile delinquent a Big Brother who will take a sympathetic interest in his welfare and share his joys as well as his sorrows, who is to make him at home in his presence, to make him feel that he has a real friend who thinks but little of the boy's transgression in the past and wishes to help him mold his future. The watchword of the organization is, "Remember that your little brother is not yet a man; it is your task to make him one." In ninety per cent of the cases where "Big Brothers" have thus taken charge of "little brothers" good results have been obtained. Yet here also it is necessary to remember that amiable weakness on the part of the "Big Brother" may do as much mischief as callousness and lack of sympathy.

It was Monsignor McMahon, Supervisor of Catholic Charities, who nine years ago inaugurated probation work in the Children's Court. The Catholic work has been very largely under Father Lynch, who has unsparingly devoted himself to caring for the boys and to securing them places in institutions or families from which good results could be expected. The Catholic Protective Society keeps four paid representatives continually in court doing probation work. Mrs. Burke has had charge of the interests of the girls who come before the Judge. When it proves impossible to keep these girls with their families, or when their homes are broken up, they are usually taken to the House of the Holy Name, which I visited. I did not visit the House of the Good Shepherd, where girls whose cases are more difficult are sent; but while Governor at Albany I made a study of the work of the Albany House of the Good Shepherd, under Mother St. Peter, and grew to realize vividly how much was accomplished by the Sisters who made it their life business to render this kind of service. The effort of Mrs. Burke, and indeed of all the admirable men and women of every denomination whom I saw in attendance at the Children's Court for the purpose of helping the children, is, if possible, to prevent the home being broken up. Even a pretty poor home is better than none, and the effort is made to keep the family together, to make the parents (or whichever parent is at fault) do their work—for delinquent children are largely the result of delinquent parents. If to keep the home together proves impossible, then the effort is made to get the child into some family, and if that is impossible, into some institution. Of course the effort nowadays is always to break up every big institution, so far as practicable, into small sub-institutions—the so-called cottage movement. I myself followed the case of one poor girl who was brought before the Court, and afterwards saw her at the House of the Holy Name when I visited it. There she was getting affectionate and wise care. She was in good surroundings. She was being given the chance which she did not have and could not get in her home—and which, by the way, her mother knew she could not get, for her mother had appeared in court and asked that she be taken charge of by the probation officer.

It was somewhat sad, and yet also both instructive and inspiriting, to sit beside the Judge and watch the cases that came before him and the way in which he disposed of them. Dreadful glimpses were obtained into wickedness, into base and shocking depravity; things had been done by fathers, and even by mothers, at which one shuddered; and, on the other side, one also saw proofs of such courage and generosity and unselfishness! Evidently an occasional boy or girl would be either inherently vicious or, what too often was even worse in the end, inherently weak; but it was equally evident that in the large majority of cases, especially where the fault was due to too exuberant vigor or to unfortunate home surroundings, the child would turn out as well as any other child if given a fair chance.

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IS THERE A MONEY TRUST?

A POLL OF THE PRESS

WHAT is the so-called Money Trust? Testifying before a House of Representatives' Committee, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, the well-known New York City lawyer, declared, as reported, that the money power is held by a few hands controlling large banks and having a chief influence in our great industrial and railway corporations. In the course of his statement he said:

Within the last five years there has been a concentration of this money power greater than that known in the preceding fifty years, brought about by the control secured by a few banking houses and their allies, over the funds of the great corporations, and this power has been cemented through interlocking directorates in financial institutions that were naturally competitive; this control is constantly widening and becoming more direct and pronounced. These men are thus enabled to assist their friends and punish their enemies in the financial world, and have used this power to crush opponents and to subject the smaller financiers and financial institutions to their will.

There is no question as to the existence of this concentration of power, says the Kansas City (Missouri) "Times" (Ind. Rep.), and there is no doubt that it is used to give excessive profits to the few men linked together in their control of vast resources.

As an example of the power of the Money Trust, the experiences of Mr. Arthur E. Stilwell, an independent railway builder, are thus set forth by the Lincoln (Nebraska) "Journal" (Rep.):

He has been raising funds to complete his Kansas City, Mexico, and Orient Railway. He had arranged for placing a large block of bonds in France, but could find no American bank through which to make the exchange. This, he claims, was due to pressure by the centralized banking interests of New York. These interests are identified with railways of their own.

The inference is that they would neither help Stilwell finance his competing line nor allow others to do so if they could help it. He adds that these same interests have used their influence with American subscribers for the stocks or bonds of his road to secure the cancellation of subscriptions.

The charge is of the same nature as was made recently by Baltimore men who had tried to raise funds to build an independent steamship line to ply through the Panama Canal.

A contrary view is taken by the "Bankers' Magazine" (Ind.). Not in the curtailment of credit, it says, but in "the too free granting" of it, lies the present danger. While asserting that "there is plenty of bank competition of every kind," while distinctly not believing that the combination of credit has proceeded to such an extent "as to be dangerous to anybody as yet," and while asserting that "probably no country in the world can boast of the freedom and independence enjoyed by the banks of the United States," this authority admits that, of all forms of combination and monopoly, "none could become more deadly than a combination of credit." It continues:

To give or to withhold the life blood of commerce merely as it benefits or injures the investments, enterprises, and interests of the institutions controlling the granting of credit—that would put the country's industry at the mercy of the banks should any combination ever become powerful enough to exercise a dominating influence.

But it is powerful enough, contends the New York "World" (Ind. Dem.). Despite the great increase of business, "there are fewer banks in the Wall Street districts than there were twenty years ago, but the capitalization of the remaining banks has been increased," sometimes ten and even twenty-fold, so that they may legally make huge loans to single borrowers. Meanwhile "the great life insurance companies with their hundreds of millions of assets are controlled by the same men who dominate the banks;" moreover, "practically all the Wall Street banks are affiliated in two groups, and are now upon terms that exclude rivalry." Furthermore, "the chief trust companies are now admitted to the New York City Clearing-House, an instrument of highly concentrated censorship and control." Finally, "big business from the whole country has moved its executive headquarters to Wall Street."

To quote the Cedar Rapids (Iowa) "Gazette" (Ind.), "the Money Trust exists because, Mr. Carnegie says, the reserve cash of the country goes to New York, the country bankers preferring to get two per cent interest on their balances carried with New York bankers to allowing the money to lie idle in their own vaults." It explains:

When the money reaches New York, it is loaned to Wall Street speculators at three and four per cent. . . . Mr. Carnegie says: "We can't check the Money Trust until we stop pouring money into Wall Street for speculation." . . . He

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concludes: "We must enlarge the market for the use of loanable funds to promote agriculture, industry, and commerce. Commercial paper, not stockbrokers' notes, must be made the chief investment for bank funds here, as it is in Europe."

There *is* a Money Trust, affirms "Collier's Weekly" (Ind.):

Solid and conservative bankers in New York know it, deplore it, and would like to see it remedied. Those New York papers which are very conservative, but at the same time honest and independent, admit it—such papers as the "Wall Street Journal" and the New York "Evening Post." These papers, furthermore, would favor an investigation, provided the inquiry be conducted with dignity and earnestness.

In connection with a Congressional investigation, the New York "Evening Post" (Ind.) declares that "foolish and extravagant agitation of the Bryan sort is not desired. . . . The committees will be well advised if they begin by dismissing from their minds the crude superstition which leads Bryan and Lindbergh and Henry to picture the Money Trust as the cause of everything that is unpleasant in daily life." It says, further:

The overwhelming vote of the House Democratic caucus . . . against Mr. Henry's plan of a sensational Money Trust investigation by a special committee has a twofold importance. It is another bit of evidence that control of the majority party is in the hands of sober-minded men like Underwood, and not of unbalanced agitators like Bryan.

Mr. Bryan speaks for himself in his "Commoner" (Dem.), believing that the Money Trust forms "the real issue between democracy and plutocracy:"

A roll call will enable the people to mark for slaughter any Democrat who, for any reason or under any pretext, plays into the hands of the financial pirates who, having plundered the weaker business men, are now trying to terrorize the Democratic party. . . . No man can be so ignorant of the forces at work as not to know which side is the people's side in this controversy, and that he who takes Wall Street's side takes it at his peril. In a crisis like this the Congressman who can be fooled is as much of a public menace as is the open and willful tool of the interests.

The real question, however, in the opinion of the New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.), is not whether the Money Trust shall be investigated, but "What sort of a Presidential campaign shall the Democrats carry on?" And it adds:

It was very well represented to the committee that "whether a calm, judicial, painstaking, non-partisan investigation can be conducted on the eve of a Presidential election is for you to determine." However objectionable, or even useful, an investigation of that sort might be, all the precedents indicate an investigation in the manner of a National minstrel show, with merry quips between the interlocutor and the end men, who delight to find themselves in the spotlight of the newspapers of the morning after. This is not what the country demands. Neither is it what the politicians ought to want.

On the other hand, the Milwaukee "Sentinel" (Rep.) says:

There is every evidence that the committee will go thoroughly, if soberly, into this "Money Trust" question, and everybody exceptionally capable of turning on the light will be required to turn it on.

An investigation of the methods by which large underwritings are financed and floated would, admits the New York "Journal of Commerce" (Ind.)—a foremost financial authority—lead to some desirable reforms, "especially where concentrated banking power has been used for the purpose of stopping the development of competing enterprises." On the other hand, the "Journal of Commerce" points out the following facts:

The banking power of the institutions and firms supposed to constitute this alleged "Money Trust" probably aggregates somewhere about $1,000,000,000. This is a tremendous concentration of banking power, probably the largest ever seen. But, according to Comptroller Murray, the banking power of the United States, which has doubled during the last ten years, is now about $21,300,000,000; hence the "Money Trust" controls about three per cent of the banking power of the country. Should this occasion a political panic? If there is any field in which monopoly is impossible, it is in credits and money. Independent banking facilities are to be had in every direction, and were it possible for these to fail we could still turn to Europe and break such combinations. There is, therefore, a heap of nonsense in this "Money Trust."

In one of his recent addresses, Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, hinted at the baleful influence of the money power, but he was reminded by the Springfield (Massachusetts) "Republican" (Ind.) "that the idea was absurd of a trust or monopoly great enough to control our National banks, over seven thousand in number, scattered over the country," and, with comparatively few exceptions, the ownership of each independent of that of any other. "We have double that number of State commercial banks and trust companies, and what is true of National bank ownership is true of them."

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PRESIDENT TAFT ON TARIFF-MAKING

COMMON SENSE vs. HAPHAZARD METHODS

AN AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

NO subject he has been called upon to handle since his Administration began has brought down upon President Taft more criticism from extremists on both sides of the political highway than "Schedule K." The spectacle of a President with notions of his own as to how the revisers of a tariff should go about their work is perhaps unique in American history, and it ought not to surprise any one to learn from his lips, as I did the other day, that he hopes that this subject will be made the chief issue in the approaching Presidential campaign.

"Not that I wish to see the tariff question made the mere football of politics," he explained; "we have had too much of that already. But I should like to have the people of the United States pass their deliberate judgment on the issue as it has been made up within the last year—the difference between the common-sense way and the haphazard way of making a tariff law. As you know, I am a believer in the Republican policy of protection. I want to see it continued; but I also want to see our party strengthen it by giving it an underpinning which cannot be swept away by the first passing flood of popular sentiment."

"And this purpose could be accomplished —how?" I asked.

"First, by fixing the rates at figures not dictated by a group of domestic producers for their own enrichment, and granted in exchange for party support, but based on the difference between the cost of production here and the cost of production abroad, ascertained by means which preclude all doubt of the substantial accuracy of the calculation.

"Second, by establishing on a permanent foundation the machinery for collecting the data of cost, so that it can be in continuous operation and its work ever more and more easily done. This machinery, I need not tell you, should be in charge of a Tariff Commission or Board, corresponding in a general way with the non-partisan Tariff Board we now have."

"This *is* a non-partisan Board, is it?"

"I don't know where you would find a similar body less partisan. Reynolds is a Republican of long standing, and Page and Howard are Democrats. Emery is—perhaps we had better class him as an Independent: that is, his vote is not determined by any party name or traditional affiliation. Sanders would, I fancy, commonly be called a Republican, but he's a good deal like Emery. Certainly none of us knew, when these two were appointed, to which party they belonged. In the hands of a quintet thus made up there is no danger that facts or statistics will be pulled out of shape to fit any political dogma or promote the success of any party or the fortunes of any candidate. This is the sort of Board I want to see made one of the permanent institutions of Government, and I'll tell you why.

"A good many persons evidently think that the whole purpose of a Tariff Board is to collect material for a single tariff bill or series of bills; and, not unnaturally, those who wish to see the Government economically

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administered question the wisdom of spending so much money and employing so many experts for the preparation of the tariff legislation of 1912, in view of the possibility that all this work may be torn up and done over as soon as a new set of hands take charge of our public affairs. Now, it is just such a contingency that the Tariff Board is designed to avoid. The collection of data to guide this year's legislation is only a first step. From now on, if Congress consents to prolong its existence, the Board will continue collecting data through the channels it has already opened, and with the aid of men trained in their duties. With these it will keep its work always abreast of the times, so that the manufacturer of tinware, for instance, can find out, whenever he wishes to, precisely what the present status of his industry is all over the world, and govern his new ventures thereby; the importer of crockery can obtain the same sort of help in his trade; the American workingman can compare the changes in his own wage-scales with the corresponding changes abroad; committees of Congress having to deal with measures which touch such questions will have an official and non-partisan, instead of an unofficial and self-interested, source to draw upon for particulars; the officers who administer our customs can profit likewise. In fact, the information gathered by the Board, encyclopædic in scope, brought down to the latest development, methodical in arrangement, easy of access, will be of value to more interests and in more ways than I could attempt to enumerate here."

"What is the ground, then, of the Democratic objection to continuing a Board of this character?"

"I can't understand it. As I have shown you, there is no legitimate reason having its root in politics; for the Board not only has no partisan bias of its own, but has never raised a question as to the party affiliations of any of its employees, or of the persons from whom it extracts its facts and figures. It surely does not usurp—it does not even trench upon—the functions of Congress in merely gathering information. It does not construct bills, or procure their introduction, or in any other way dabble with legislation. If the Democrats were to obtain complete control of Congress to-morrow, and wished to frame a revenue tariff act, the same data would be at their command and be equally useful. There is nothing more partisan about pure statistics than there is about the letters of an alphabet; everything depends on the use made of them, and their combination for this or that purpose is entirely at the will of whichever party is dominant in the Government at any time."

"Have not some of the opponents of the Tariff Board complained of the amount of time it has taken for its work?"

"Oh, yes, and that complaint is of a piece with the rest: those who are honest in making it must be in ignorance of what the Board has really been doing. The law authorizing me to 'employ such persons as may be required' to assist me in adjusting our maximum and minimum tariff rates against other countries went into effect in August, 1909. I appointed the Tariff Board at once, and from then till the end of March, 1910, it was continuously busy with investigations, conferences with the officers of our State Department and the foreign Legations in Washington, and the like, getting this matter straightened out. Of course every foreign country was anxious not to lose the advantage of our minimum rates; but to this end it had to convince us that it was not discriminating in any way, direct or indirect, against American products, or, if it had been discriminating, to make concessions which would set it right. It was in this line that the Board, through its familiarity with the tariff systems of other countries and with the devices sometimes adopted to disguise a hostile policy, did splendid service. Why, the money it has saved to American producers by its co-operation with the Department of State would alone, unquestionably, pay its expenses and a great deal more.

"And this task was only a starter. As soon as it was finished the Board settled down to its broader duties, and began to map out its inquiry into the costs of production in this and other countries, and to gather its staff of assistants. But meanwhile arose the same question which is confronting it now: Would Congress vote the appropriations necessary to keep it going? You appreciate the fact that it could not engage skilled men in the various trades, expert statisticians and accountants, without having the funds in hand or in sight to pay their salaries; yet it was late in June before the money was pledged for the fiscal year which was to begin with July 1.

"In spite of this handicap, the Board pushed ahead so that by October 1, 1910, it had its permanent work fairly organized.

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Its first reports on Canadian reciprocity and the pulp and news-print paper industry have received the highest commendation at home and abroad. An officer of the Austrian Ministry of Commerce is on record as saying of the paper report that he knows of no European publication which so correctly interprets the most important features of the question of commercial policy, and that it is evident that our Board will soon leave all the European Governments far behind in this class of official reports. The Board's great feat, however, up to the present date, is its report on wool and manufactures of wool, issued last December, in four volumes, dealing with the production and shrinkage of raw wool, the costs of manufacturing tops, yarns, cloths, and clothing, wages and efficiency of labor and machinery in the United States, and kindred topics. The information here presented has been obtained at first hand, not from a few interested parties who volunteered it, but from personal observation, inspection of herds and mills, and examination of accounts by the Board and its experts both in all parts of our country and in the countries from which we import wool and woolen goods most largely. Although the figures furnished came under the seal of confidence, a record is kept in the private archives of the Board showing from what source every item was obtained, so that there would have been no difficulty in checking up any error which might have crept into the calculations, and enabling any contributor of data to satisfy himself that the Board has him down correctly.

"So extensive is the scope of this inquiry that the mills whose books have been examined represent two-thirds of the productive capacity of the United States, and nearly two-thirds of the employees. The Board has made a very careful study of compensatory duties, meaning those specific rates laid on foreign goods to compensate the American manufacturer for his losses in paying duties on unscoured foreign wools. Indirectly, you know, the compensatory duties are a charge on the pocket of the consumer, so it is important that they should be no heavier than required to afford a fair protection. They have been kept at their present height on the theory that three-fourths of the weight of the raw material bought by the domestic manufacturer lies in the natural grease, and is therefore lost in the scouring. The Board has punctured this theory by demonstrating that no wool which is imported is subject to a shrinkage of even as much as two-thirds in scouring, and hence that the specific duties now charged are excessive.

"The results of the Board's investigations make it plain that we ought to estimate all duties on the scoured, not the unscoured, weight of the wools. Fixing the duty on scoured wool at eighteen cents a pound, for example, and allowing for the waste always incidental to its manufacture into yarn and cloth, a compensatory duty of nineteen cents and a fraction on yarn and of twenty-five cents and a fraction on cloth is all that is needed; or, if the duty is fixed at twenty-five cents, a compensatory duty of twenty-nine cents and a fraction on yarn and of thirty-five cents and a fraction on cloth will answer every purpose. It is a pretty complicated subject at best; but the deductions of the Board are so logical and expressed so clearly that any citizen who is interested enough to read the report, although he may have no previous acquaintance with the wool industry, can get a very fair idea of its relation to the tariff. And naturally, every man who wears a coat would like to know whether or not he had to pay too much for it."

"How have the producers themselves regarded the work of the Board?"

"They seem highly pleased with it. You see, many of our American manufacturers have grown up in the business and are accustomed to old ways of keeping their accounts. They have been too busy running their mills and drumming up trade to pay very much attention to the sort of details which in these extremely modern times have come to take the place of first importance. Then, too, they have learned most that they know from their individual experience; but the Tariff Board, by collecting data concerning the whole of a trade, enables every member of that trade to compare what he is doing with what his contemporaries are doing in the same field. As their private affairs are kept as secret as his, he cannot identify any of them; but when he finds that he is making only a dollar where some other men are making a dollar and a quarter or a dollar and a half, he begins to do some active thinking.

"Or, take the matter of cost accounting; many otherwise good business men understand its principles so little that, although they may be dimly conscious that something

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is askew in their figures, they could not tell you positively whether they are making money, or losing, or only holding their own. Several such men have expressed their gratitude for what they have learned from the experts the Board has sent into their establishments to examine their books. In fact, some of the best agents of the Board have been employed by manufacturers who have been able to pay them much higher salaries than the Government could to improve and modernize their cost systems. That is the best possible test whether the Board's work has been practical, in a strict business sense, or only theoretical, as some of our outside friends would like to make it appear."

"And how about the workingmen? Have they opposed or favored the operations of the Board?"

"The intelligent ones have seen where labor gets a direct advantage from a sweeping inquiry like that which the Board has been making. The relation of labor to manufactures of all sorts is a highly important feature of such an analysis of the cost of production as is found in these reports. For one thing, there is the publicity, preventing the employers from pocketing the whole of the profits, which, on the theory of our protective policy, they share with their help. Again, the Board has brought out a significant fact, which is bound to make for the advantage of the working people in the long run—that the largest returns come, as a rule, in those quarters where the best wages are paid—what is spent on liberal treatment of the employees coming back, apparently, in increased efficiency."

"To return to the broad question of tariff revision, you are not disheartened by what some critics say about the danger of keeping the country in a perpetual ferment of nervous apprehension regarding coming changes?"

"Nothing could do more to prevent such a ferment than the very plan we are now considering. Hitherto, we have seen the whole tariff structure torn to pieces and rebuilt whenever there has been a change of parties in control at Washington, and even sometimes when the same party has remained responsible but the personnel of the group in command has changed. Such overhaulings are always accompanied by a more or less violent convulsion of business, followed by a state of stagnation protracted through the whole period while the outcome continues at all in doubt. The new bill is talked about for a long time before it is framed; there are extended hearings in committee, and afterward a series of secret sessions behind barred doors, and debates of some length on the floors of Congress; and after all these there is a possible interval of ten days during which, if the bill is suspected of being distasteful to the President, its fate at his hands remains uncertain. At the committee hearings *ex parte* statements are presented by men pecuniarily interested in the several trades and industries which are liable to be affected by the proposed legislation. Everybody with an ax to grind either brings it to Congress himself or tries to influence that body through an agent on the ground. In every instance the length of time which has elapsed since the last revision, and the changes of conditions in various lines of production and commerce in the interval, rouse a general dread lest there be heavy increases of duty in one quarter or deep cuts in another; and, unhappily, a feeling has widely prevailed that the decision where to make such increases and cuts would be reached, not by a calm consideration of the merits of each case, but by a log-rolling or back-scratching process.

"Such unsystematic ways of patching a tariff together open wide the avenues for perjury and other fraud, for special pleading, for appeals to the most sordid political motives, for the exercise of gross favoritism and the wreaking of petty revenges, and have given rise even to charges of bribery and investigations shadowing the good repute of men high in the councils of the Nation. Is it a pleasant reflection that such an atmosphere is liable to continue surrounding our tariff legislation indefinitely?

"What have we to offer as a substitute? A system which keeps always at the disposal of Congress, and open to the people, a chart of the world's producing activities, corrected almost from day to day. The changes noted in the foreign cost of production of various commodities are doubtless individually slight; in one case they may swing, pendulum-like, a little this way and a little that, ending their agitation at about the same point where it began. In another, there may be a steady trend to one side for a while, due to causes not difficult to discover through the machinery of the Tariff Board; but by the time the divergence has become so marked and continued so long as to make a change in this schedule desirable, everybody will be prepared for it and can estimate just about how

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much of a change it ought to be. This eliminates the now customary shock of surprise. Thus we have a highly important part of the work of lawmaking brought down to an almost automatic basis; at any rate, we can always be sure of an automatic warning of what had better be done; and if Congress doesn't do it, or the President withholds his approval from a tariff amendment manifestly right, the people will know where to place the responsibility. At one stroke we can get rid of a lot of the old scandals about log-rolling and favoritism, and the charges of perjury and bribery which were freely bandied between the parties in past times; make our tariff changes gradual instead of precipitate, and partial instead of sweeping; and be able to defend a rate, when fixed, by showing with substantial accuracy the measure of protection it extends to the home producer. Can any reasonable citizen object to such a logical and self-consistent plan, as a substitute for our present practice of revising the tariff by rule-of-thumb?

"For a very recent illustration, take the Payne Tariff Act. There has been a loud outcry against it on the part of public speakers and writers, sometimes for cause and with a fair motive, and sometimes for the mere purpose of stirring up the people by showing them only half the facts. Now, let us suppose that three years ago, instead of having to depend wholly on newspaper abstracts of the tariff hearings, a few published speeches in Congress, and editorial comments which necessarily reflected the political or personal feeling of each commentator, the people at large had had within easy reach a non-partisan bureau of information from whose files they could ascertain just what the condition of the iron and steel trades, the wool and woolen trades, and all the rest, had been at the time of the passage of the Dingley Tariff Act in 1897, and what changes had occurred in them, in any part of the world, since then. They had put the Republican party in power for four years more, and had a right to hold it to account for carrying out, as well as was humanly possible, the promises of its platform of 1908, including the clause demanding a revision of the tariff with the obvious intent that the revision should be downward.

"Isn't it plain that instead of seeing a law turned out by Congress in the way that the Payne Law was turned out, and having the air rent afterward by accusations and recriminations for thirty months continuously, we should have witnessed a cool-headed, direct, and orderly procedure leading up to the passage and promulgation of the act, and then either a general popular acquiescence in the result, or an opposition based on facts which could be proved from original sources if challenged? Can there be any difference of intelligent opinion on the question which of these pictures makes the pleasanter impression on the mind, and which presents our institutions of self-government in the more dignified aspect? As it was, neither Congress nor the American public had the first-hand knowledge needed for the proper performance of its part: Congress, to enable it to frame a bill most responsive to the demands of the platform; or the people, to criticise justly an act which Congress had evolved with such poverty of equipment for the task."

"Then you would condemn every tariff the country has had since the protective system was devised?"

"If we take for our standard of judgment the method of its construction—yes. We never have had one based on well-ascertained cost of production either here or abroad; every one has been put together hit-or-miss. What do you think of the competency of a lawmaker to construct a tariff without knowing even what the things are on which he is fixing the duties? Yet it is a fact that men who know no more about chemistry than you do about running a locomotive will undertake in cold blood to overhaul so uncompromisingly technical a schedule as the chemical schedule! The Tariff Board has laid out as a regular part of its programme the compilation of a glossary, so that any one—you, or I, or the man in the street, as well as the legislator—if puzzled by a term in a tariff, can look it up and find it clearly explained."

"One point frequently raised against your tariff plan, Mr. President, is that when you talk about the 'foreign' cost of production, you use a vague phraseology. Suppose, for argument's sake, you were speaking of a commodity produced simultaneously in England, in Germany, and in Japan; the cost of production would, it is fair to assume, vary considerably between those three countries. Now, which would you take as your standard of comparison with the cost of production in the United States?"

"At a first glance, that is a good deal like asking what I would take as a standard of comparison for the prices of steel rails—the

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prices of rails made in Iowa, or in North Dakota, or in Pennsylvania. The proximity of large sources of ore and coal supply, their quality as concerns adaptation to steel rail manufacture, the local abundance and cheapness of transportation facilities, or any other of a dozen factors entering into the question of a mill-site, would give one place a great advantage over another; and it is no part of my theory of the American policy of protection that it is intended to make up for deficiencies in natural resources, artificial development in a particular field, or common sense on the part of the projectors of a manufacturing enterprise in the location of their plant. It is designed to help those which are economically worth helping, not to provide an ambulance for the helpless or the laggards.

"We have got to look at these things in the light of reason. I suppose I should say that, for the purposes of our present inquiry, the foreign cost of production of any commodity would be its original cost in the neighborhoods manifestly best suited for the industry which produced it, plus the cost of its transportation to our markets. In other words, the question I should ask is: What does this article cost the producer, laid down in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia? If Japan were the natural home of the industry, and England or Germany could compete in it only by a fierce struggle to overcome adverse conditions, I should consider the cost of production in Japan as governing; if, on the other hand, England or Germany could produce the article with least effort, and Japan were merely an imitator having a hard time to keep up, I should use the European rather than the Asiatic cost as my standard.

"I should apply the same principle to the cost of production in the United States for comparison with the foreign cost. Only the cost of production in some part of this country where ordinary good judgment would have dictated the location of a plant, ought to be considered as the American cost. If we depart from these simple rules, which have a moral as well as a commercial side, we are bound not only to get into a hopeless tangle, but to encourage a sentiment among our own producers which in the smaller affairs of life we should denounce as a spirit of voluntary pauperism."

"I suppose you know that a good many Republicans agree with ex-Secretary Shaw in calling your ideal tariff a 'competitive' tariff, as distinguished from a protective tariff on the one hand or a revenue tariff on the other?"

"Yes. Any one can give it whatever name he wishes: what I am after is the thing itself, which is more important. I could with equal force retort by classifying tariffs as prohibitive, protective, and revenue, according to whether they raise a Chinese wall and shut out foreign competition altogether, or put our industries on a footing where they can hold their own against competition from abroad, or are deliberately designed to encourage importations so as to fill our treasury with money collected in duties at the custom-houses.

"Why not give the term 'protection,' when applying it to the tariff, the same meaning we give it in any other connection? As a citizen you are 'protected' in your life, liberty, and property by a body of laws, a force of police, and a system of courts established for the purpose. They don't single you out to heap special privileges upon you, or shower you with extraordinary favors. All they do is to fortify you so securely in your position that no one who happens to be stronger than you may maltreat you, no one who is shrewder may cheat you, and no one who is richer may on that account trample on your rights. You wouldn't ask any more than that, would you? Your pride, your sense of manhood, your love of fair play, would revolt at any proposal to coddle you individually at the expense of your neighbors.

"Well, I give the average American producer credit for an equally manly and independent feeling. I assume that what he asks of our Government is a fair field and no favor. He knows that every dollar of his profits from domestic consumption comes out of the pocket of some fellow-countryman; and if he is a square man he doesn't want to make that draft any heavier than need be. What he does hope is that the tariff will be so adjusted under the Republican platform of 1908 as to assure him a 'reasonable' profit. Beyond that he is ready to take care of himself. If that is not protection, then I'm afraid I don't understand the good old American meaning of the word."

"But, whatever name may be given it by others or by yourself, you are aware that a good many protectionists object on prudential grounds to the sort of tariff you have set up for your ideal?"

"I am not unmindful of the argument

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made by some timorous critics, that the effect of reducing our tariff to what they call the 'competitive' basis will be that it will really drop below that, and cause our markets to be flooded with cheaply made foreign goods, so that our producers will be driven out of business by insufficient protection. Well, there are two answers to that. The first is that the platform whose promises we are trying to fulfill does not contemplate such a cut in rates as would cripple any American industry. It takes account of the right of the American producer to a reasonable profit. The difference between the foreign producer's figures and those of the American producer, which I want to see used as the measure of protection for the American, is the difference between what each expects to get for his goods, allowing for a fair competitive profit for himself. I have already said this in another form, but it will bear repeating, as it is a point on which so many people speak apparently without understanding, or at least without consideration.

"The second answer is that Congress is never so indifferent to the will or the welfare of our people as to cut to the quick in such matters. We are as far from the bald ideal of free trade as from that of the Chinese wall. Each has had its day and gone its way. It is everywhere recognized now that the foreigner is not going to be turned loose on our markets. His only function is that of a restraining influence. We consider what he *might* do if we let him have his way, in order to keep the demands of our manufacturers for protection down within bounds which will be just to the consuming public as well as to themselves."

"Doubtless you are still hearing echoes of the criticism called forth by your action on the wool and woolen tariff—committing yourself to a reduction, and then vetoing the first bill which offered you a substantial one?"

"Certainly, I hear them; but they only make me wonder how their authors can become so absorbed in one phase of a subject as to lose all sight of another equally important and equally pertinent to the discussion. You remember, of course, the grounds on which I vetoed that wool and woolen tariff bill, knocked together as it was with a few blows of the ax and mallet, instead of being laid off with measuring instruments and adjusted with fine tools as it ought to have been? I frankly said that I was unwilling to sign such a bill on insufficient knowledge, when by waiting a few months we should have before us all the material gathered by the Tariff Board, and could proceed with our eyes open. They declared that it was almost a crime to wait for the report of the Tariff Board; for here was winter coming on, and the people would soon be shivering with cold, but unable to buy warm clothes because they cost so much under the onerous duties of Schedule K; yet here I was standing heartlessly, all alone, in the way of a reduction in price—and so forth, and so forth.

"What happened? The Tariff Board brought in its report, which I sent to Congress at once, so that they could get to work on a wool and woolen bill. Up to date this has not been forthcoming. They have switched their attention to another schedule, and brought in a bill to reduce the steel tariff, in which the Payne Act had already made some radical cuts! As far as I can learn, this has been most widely exploited as a blow aimed at the United States Steel Corporation. If such was its purpose, it must have fallen far short of the mark. The big Trust doesn't seem to care whether the present tariff rates stay or go. The fellows who do care are the smaller men—the makers of machine tools and the like, whose factories dot the country here and there, and on whose success depends the prosperity of a hundred little towns.

"In a week or ten days the Tariff Board will make its report on the cotton schedule, and then it will have exhausted its appropriation, or nearly so, and we shall need more money to secure a satisfactory report on the metal schedule and the chemical schedule and the sugar schedule. I don't know whether Congress will give us what we need or not. I hope so. If not, the issue is sharply raised and must be fought out.

"So there you have the outlines of my tariff plan, and of the conflict between my Administration and its opponents, in Congress and elsewhere, on the tariff question. I am quite content to let the sober, thinking people of the United States decide between us."

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SHALL A MAN LIVE AGAIN?[1]

BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL

FROM earliest childhood I have been endowed with the keenest love for life. Looking back on my boyhood days, I can remember nothing but one long delight in the healthy body which my parents transmitted to me, in the simple and free open-air life I was encouraged to live, and in the responsibility for looking after myself without apron-string rule. I am not responsible for this love for life. I love it just because it is natural to do so. Higher powers, whether mortal or immortal, are accountable, in my case, for a deep inrooted joy in being alive—a joy which has grown with the passing years. I am familiar with death. A man cannot be a surgeon without recognizing that there comes a time to every human body, sometimes after only a few years of tenancy, when it becomes impossible as a desirable habitation any longer; when, were it my own, I should ask nothing better than to be permitted to get out of it.

I can honestly say that it never occurred to me until some one put it into my head that *I* could never leave *it*, because *I* was *it*. The dissecting-room was never for a moment more to me than a deserted village, in which we students were pulling down the walls of abandoned houses to enable us better, later on, to keep occupied ones in repair. It was exactly the same in the wards of the hospital. I used to get very fond of my patients. But I have often been far more sorry for my friends who had to return to their hard environment crippled, handicapped, or continually bound to suffer than for those who left their damaged bodies behind them when they went out of hospital.

More than once I would have hastened what is called "death," out of pure charity, had I dared. A splendid old oversea sailor, who appealed to my temperament especially for that reason, was under my care with cancer of the throat. Each night, as I went round the wards before retiring, I used to tiptoe past his carefully curtained bed, hoping that he would not hear me. For, as surely as he caught the sound of my footstep, he would call out, "Make the dose larger to-night, Doctor. All I want is not to wake up any more." It was morphine in a lethal draught he was clamoring for. He had no craven fear of death, though he had no doctrinal education in immortality. He just believed that God was his Father, and it never entered his mind to doubt that there was something in store for him beyond. He was content to leave it at that.

To tell the rock-bottom truth, in spite of my particular calling, my "views" on immortality have always been closely allied to that. I have had as little time for, as I have had bias towards, theology.

As with my love for life here, so it is with my faith in immortal life here and hereafter. Now that I come to write it down, I find that the chief reason that I believe in it is just because I am sure of it. My experience of the world leads me to suppose that it is a reasonable world, a world full of causes and results. Moreover, this is strictly the view of science. I fully expect it to go on reasonably, and end reasonably—not in a stultifying catastrophe. If any man says in reply, "Go to! That is intuition—and that is not knowledge," I should say that I believe that intuition brings me into most direct and most reliable relationship with what is most vital and true. Any man who, to my mind, is worth while worrying with believes in honor and love and truth, and that it is better to be unselfish than selfish, to be pure rather than impure, and that virtue is better than vice. It is best to believe it. I was taught that it was true at my mother's knee, and there I learned of immortality. I took in one with the other, and I mean to cling to both of them.

I pray that the day may never come when I believe that this beautiful world and this gift of life are evidences that we are only the sport of a devilish God, who would leave matter indestructible, but destroy the noblest attribute of mankind. There is better evidence in my mere will to believe in future life than there is to sustain the idea that the universe is the product of chance. I do not expect to make knowledge absolute, or to convince any one else by logic. There are some people who will not believe that a leg is broken if it hangs in two pieces, and, as our eyes and ears and special sense are so fallible, there is some

[1] Previous articles in this series were written by Dean Hodges (December 30, 1911) and by Dr. H. S. Pritchett (February 3, 1912).—THE EDITORS.

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excuse for that. But the reason for believing in immortality is far deeper than these, and everything convinces me that it is infallible. The polar bear, the baby seal, and the countless birds all beat their unerring way northward, though without chart or compass. Maybe their sense called intuition is a better one than sight or smell or hearing. The lilies grow without the permission of current science; and so grew my faith in immortality. I take to my comfort that that is an acknowledged bond of kinship with the great poets, to whose company I have no other earthly claim. To accept their view not only, to my mind, marks greatness, but without it no man and no people can be great. Some people will always call this a special sense. Well, I spell it "common sense." Evidence does not bear out the contention that it arises from uncommon perception in uncommon people, or in those whose experiences are uncommon. Some call the old, old sense of love of one man for one woman "a special sense." But those "some" are they who have it not, and there is a touch of unwillingness, and some think of self-love, which has robbed these critics of that which we consider "divine sense," and *therefore* "common"—and this time it is we who are sorry. We think these are all tributaries of the great natural stream of love which flows towards God.

Some men say that everything consists of, or results from, matter, whatever that is. Others have said, and some are beginning to say it louder than ever in these days of "new knowledge," that there is no such thing as matter. Many said that the old alchemists were fools. But the modern chemists tell us that the elements are interconvertible, that one does turn into the other. Copper, they say, does turn into sodium, and you can manufacture rubies and make the secretions of the ductless glands which control life out of coal tar. They say that acids crystallize with nucleated cells, and radio-activity shows that metals are alive as much as is the amœba. So some think that there is no such thing as "life" except that of the spirit, and that the human body is as much a piece of mechanism as a box; and surgery practically shows that not only does a person remain the same person if you cut his body in two, but that if you could successfully sew on the half of another body which happens not to be in use, there would still be one body. It would seem that only those forms of knowledge are ever demonstrable of which you create the axioms yourself. Moreover, it is only by experiment that the knowledge and the axioms are verified.

If a man "won't"—that is, does not want an axiom to be true—he practically says, "I won't take that axiom to the test." Adopt that plan with any axiom, and see how far you will get. We just have to believe in food to eat it, and know the truth of the axiom. We just have to go to bed, and sleep on the axiom that it is safe to do it. Columbus believed that America existed. His crew believed that it didn't. It looks to us as if his acting on intuition against long odds was somehow justifiable. But of course there are those still who are not convinced that America does exist. I look at immortality the other way. And my faith goes further than that. I believe that I am I. I am in the same trouble when I come to try to write down why I believe it. But I just do, and nothing can make me think otherwise. It is that wretched intuition again.

I have only got one baby, but I believe that it is personal and endowed with individuality. No one can say why that should be. You can write till Doomsday all his peculiarities, and you will find some other baby answers to all your special tests. But I hold, all the same, with all the mothers. They *know* that their baby is individual. If they are wrong, still all I can say is that I am foolish enough to throw in my lot with them and be wrong also. But, all the same, I know that I am not wrong. After that, of course, I believe in immortality, for if I am an individual I am immortal. It is said that a man who had dined too well got into a crowded trolley and sat down by a stranger. Falling into some doubt as to whether he was going to his own home, he asked the gentleman next to him, "Have you ever seen me before?" "No," was the answer. "Do you know my name?" "I do not." "Then how on earth do you know that it is me?"

Moses was not only convinced that there was a place called Canaan, but that he could lead the Israelites to it. They did not all get there. Those who believed that they could get in did so; and all whom they persuaded to believe the same got in also. Well, I believe that I shall attain to life immortal. I am not legislating for any one else, but if the will has anything to do with the matter I know that I am going to. Eternal life is the complement of all of my unsatisfied longings and ideals. It fits in so well.

As for others, I believe that each man

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must account for himself. For my part, I am immortal always.

Death is no argument against life. I hate arrogance, but all the same when Paul said, "Thou fool, except a grain of wheat die, it cannot live," I do not blame him. I think that the materialist is beginning to say that himself, from what I see of science. Even the "overslept defender of the faith" is not so anxious as he was, although belated scientists still confuse the kernel with the shell. It seems by no means impossible that science may yet show that life as an entity on earth does not exist; that organic and inorganic are alike as dead or alive only as one likes to speak of movement or growth as a sign of life; that purely scientifically there is no death of the body—which never was alive, anyway, as we used to understand the term—and that spiritual life is not only in all and through all, but is all.

The futility of death, anyhow, as an argument against immortality is best shown by the fact that nobody believes it to be an argument. This is only intuition, of course; but it is also the voice of the mass of the people, and that is generally looked upon as being as near to the "vox Dei" as any current judgment of human philosophers or scientists either of the first century or of the twentieth. In a democratic country like America this ought to be a very helpful thought, for, in spite of all the misgovernment of the people by the people for the people, America still remains democratic, or republican, and does not yet call for a Czar of its own.

Another somewhat potent reason for my own faith in "something beyond" is the fact that I personally am compelled to believe in it. However much I might try to smother it, up it bobs again. There is something which will not take "no" from my brain. Whatever it is, there it is, insistent, irrepressible. Some call it the moral life, some the ideal life, some the spirit or soul. I call it "I." It will not be browbeaten and told that it does not exist. It is so dominant and at least so far able to demonstrate itself that I cannot deny it if I would.

Even the convicted murderer who has longed to believe in his own annihilation has had moments of qualms and doubts.

How often have I resented the idea that, though a parrot or a tree or a crag should outlast my body, it should also outlast "me." I could not believe it. It makes me laugh to suppose it to be true. That would be the economy of a mad-house. Moreover, intellectual agnosticism has well been stigmatized as neither wholesome nor fruitful as a permanent position. And my whole estimate of the value of life and faith in its rationality is that it should be useful. Perhaps I am not heroic enough to formulate for myself an axiom which I do not wish in place of one which I do. I do not want annihilation; I want life. I love the Christ best when he says, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." "He who followeth me shall have the light of life." Cold experience shows me that my axiom is a greater incentive to be useful and to make good, to be unselfish and worth while, than any other which I know; and history confirms it.

I am perfectly content to believe that I have been "led" (to use the phrase of those who would otherwise blame me) to devote my time to medicine and surgery, and my leisure to the sea, until that also became a part of my business. The fact is, I have given my time to the study of mortality; I have accepted immortality as axiomatic. Anyhow, I take this now to my comfort, that if I have been wrong in so doing, and there is no immortality, at least I have not, like the ascetics, added to my loss that of the enjoyable use of what does exist. If I were annihilated to-morrow, I have enjoyed books, and games, and birds, and beasts, and the sea, and travel, and friends; and to these at last, thank God, has been added the supremest joy of a wife and child of my own—and also many opportunities of helping lame dogs over stiles. These two last are the supremest joys—they are more unending. In one sense the last is the supremest of all, for the reason that every man may enjoy it; it is within the reach of every single soul.

So, in any case, I have little to regret. For if I am wrong about immortality, anyhow, no one will be able to say, "I told you so." My faith in it I count as far more valuable than many dollars. What I want to emphasize is this: I love life, and I believe in it—only it must be life, not mere existence.

I once spent a week in Rome. There I saw large numbers of queerly and most inconveniently dressed persons who are called "religious men," who believe undoubtedly in immortality. I most sincerely hope that it means to them something more enjoyable than that to which they have devoted the

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time of their mortality. For I would honestly rather believe that there was not any future than to feel that it involved that kind of—I was going to say "life." But theirs does not spell life at all to me. Presumably these innumerable persons are followers of Jesus Christ. But I have always understood that he came to give us life abundant. It would not be "abundant" to me to avoid the society of women, to have no money to use if I wanted it (the Samaritan needed more), while to lie down at night and feel that the money I had used and lived on during the day some one else had worked for would be to me simply intolerable.

No; churches, and candles, and vaults, and crypts, and petticoats, and relics of antiquity, all have their places. But it is life which appeals to me. I am going to have all I can get of it here on earth, and if you or any one else prove the contrary, which I am absolutely certain that you cannot do, I am still going to enjoy also a belief in a better life hereafter. Stevenson's joyful song shall be mine to the end:

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me—
'Here he lies where he longed to be.
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'"

It has been said that "women do not think, they feel; and then they guess." Most women believe in our immortality. For my part, I feel much like the small boy whose kite-string led round the corner. When asked by a passer-by how he knew there was a kite on the end of the line, he answered, "Why, I feel it tugging." Even if it is feminine, I want to go out into the beyond holding up two fingers for "scissors."

There must always be some basis on which to begin either arguing or acting. Personally, seeing that the time of which we can be certain is short, I am always in a hurry to begin to do things. More than once at sea, if I had waited to hem my reason into a corner before adopting a course of action, I should not be here to tell the tale.

I said a moment ago that science is beginning to point out that spirit is at least as existent as what we call matter. Fear prevents glands secreting, love sends the heart a-beating, grief causes physical pain, remorse makes the tissues waste. "There is interaction, with parallelism, but not causal interaction." My own profession has, justly I think, been taken to task for neglecting this, and has erred far more seriously by not using the influence of the spirit in the healing art than by any undue niggardliness in the use of many of its far less rational drugs and possets. I think that the profession stands rebuked by men like Dr. Elwood Worcester. Nor is it free from blame for the extravagances of Christian Science. It is no great confession to make that the history of our relationship to sickness and death all through the ages should at least humble us to hope more for, and show more interest in, immortality than as a profession we are wont to evince. Of some members it has been said that it should surely be their chief solace.

Dr. Thompson points out that the muscles of the heart, the diaphragm, and the alimentary system do more work than all the rest put together, and do it ceaselessly from the cradle to the grave without fatigue. They are involuntary muscles. On the contrary, those dominated by the will soon get tired, just because there is something ruling them.

The creative power of the soul speaks to me in all I see of man's handiwork. I never could believe that the achievements of such men as Isaac Newton, Clerk Maxwell, Lord Kelvin, and others were merely forms of matter. It is not easy to answer the psychologist who says, "How can a physical organ produce an idea?"

If a disembodied spirit, or a man from Mars, quite unacquainted with life as we live it on earth, were to find a mother with an unborn babe, he would certainly argue life for the babe in some other sphere from the texts of its purposeful limbs and organs. On the other hand, Mrs. Gatty, in her exquisite "Parables from Nature," represents the caddis-worm under water as finding it hard to believe that the chrysalis would ever fly free in an atmosphere then fatal to the worm. The single cell which forms the ovum in an egg might probably be called a presumptuous fool by its fellows if it claimed that one day it would roam the world as an enormous ostrich.

Again, the persistence of memory through all the altered forms of the body in which I have lived suggests that when that finally disintegrates, "I" shall go on. It certainly was more than earthly wisdom which made Jesus Christ, a peasant without the advantages of

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the schools, say two thousand years ago, "This is life eternal, to know Thee." To me this belief in my sonship to God, and consequent inheritance of immortality, has always seemed the more reasonable as being the great revelation of the greatest "spiritual expert." It has never been to me a pantheistic relationship. It is only that I have some of his nature, somewhat as a father and his child are related on earth. I do not expect to be reabsorbed. I do expect to grow more like him when I can breathe his atmosphere and "feed on him" in some closer communion than our faith here, much less our knowledge, permits so long as we are hampered by physical bodies.

Among my patients once was a burglar who had broken his neck by falling through a glass roof on to a stone floor after jumping across a side alley. He was practically dead from the neck down. But life lingered on, and he used to regale us with long yarns of his escapades. Of course, if he ever recovered he would be a reformed character, or, as he put it, "give up the profession." For months he appeared to live in his head alone. Gradually control over his various organs returned to him. In six months he once more inhabited his whole body. Indeed, a few months later I saw him again in the Old Bailey, being tried for a return to professional life.

On another occasion my patient was for eight days apparently dead. She lay in a complete cataleptic state, and neither spoke, moved, ate, nor appeared even to breathe. She was arrayed in her burial clothes—her jaw tied up with the customary death napkin. She was properly laid out as dead. To-day she is alive and well, and claims that she was conscious that she was she all the time.

My own relationship to the Christ, up to the time I was twenty years of age, was only the same as that to any other historical person. For the past twenty-five years I have been endeavoring to follow him. The result is that to-day it would seem a base act of treachery to him were I, without more reasons than have yet been advanced, to doubt the story of his resurrection. Experience has convinced me that this faith is too valuable an asset here to be wantonly thrown aside. After all, are not the reasons for doing so too often caused by the will, and not by the intellect? It makes great demands on life, this faith in immortality as Christ teaches it. Moreover, the willingness to accept the responsibility is so frail and unstable in all of us that through all the days we, too, have to pray, "Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people."

When now again I read over the story of the resurrection as told by a doctor, a fisherman, a scribe, and a political servant in the four Gospels, I see no inherent reason for disbelieving it. The ecclesiastical party of that day would have stopped at nothing to discredit it. They were not altogether fools. Yet they themselves sealed the tomb, newly hewn in the solid rock, and positively procured a Roman guard to watch it, to whom failure in duty meant inevitable death. Thus they set at least the best certificate which mortal man could on the genuineness of the accounts. And they did this against their will. Even the trouble of the poor women who came with their offerings, that they could not possibly roll the heavy stone up the hill by themselves, is a subtle point for these Gospel historians to have invented. They had at that time but poor payment to expect for their extraordinary zeal in lying, if the whole story were an invention. The historical continuity of the great body of believers in the resurrection is to me an additional evidence.

A while ago I spent some twenty-four hours floating on the great Atlantic Ocean on a small pan of ice, on to which I had crawled out of the freezing water. No picture was formed on my retina of a single living soul. However, I slept peacefully through a large part of the night, in the absolute conviction of an unseen Presence, and of something better before me, even if it should be behind the sun which rose in the morning gloriously from beyond the boundless horizon.

I once took Mika Sematimba, fourth Chief of Uganda, who was on a visit to England, to see some skating on a large lake. He said nothing at the time, but subsequently I saw a home letter of his in which he stated that he had seen water turned into stone, and had actually walked upon it. Some people believe that water is annihilated when it is evaporated. The marvelous and the unintelligible happens every day all around us.

Experience teaches that no man by searching the records of human wisdom has yet unearthed an argument for immortality from which no human being, clinging to some

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shreds of doubt, can apparently escape. But neither has one such been found for eating meat, or for not wearing hobbled skirts. What statistics of lives saved would convince a Christian Scientist of the value of antitoxin for his babe suffering with diphtheria, or induce an anti-vaccinationist to come and worship with me at the shrine of Jenner or Pasteur? To me it is a sign of feebleness when a preacher of our immortality searches through dusty tomes for the confirmation of a lifelong intuitive faith. We approve the wisdom of a Sherlock Holmes none the less because from slender indications he draws great conclusions, which give him power to perform mighty deeds.

The wisdom of the Bible, as I hear men argue, seems to afford ever more and more claims to my confidence in its reliability. "Our bodies shall return to the dust of which they were made, but our souls shall return to God who gave them." To the question, "With what bodies shall they be clothed?" it answers, "A spiritual body, a body like to that of Christ's glorification," to which natural material bounds shall be no hindrance. And it adds just what my reason could wish, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for them that love him." Such stories as that of the Transfiguration, and the questionings of the disciples as to which of them should be first, suggest conscious recognition of individuals.

I have just poked a black, dead-appearing fire. A fresh draught of air has poured through it, and it has sprung up to new life and usefulness. I cannot believe that there are any dead. Of death I should say:

"Only good-night, beloved, not farewell.
A little while and we shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible.
Good-night, good-night!"

PROFIT IN HAND

FOUR CONSERVATION STANZAS

BY EDWIN BALMER

Mine is the gain so I raze
Forest and fringe from my land.
What care I for flood or drought,
Gullied field and soil sluiced out,
Famine and farm of sand?
Mine is the profit in hand!

Mine is the gain so I loot
Oil, coal, and ore at demand.
What care I for another's lack,
The lash of need on another's back,
The splutter of law's reprimand?
Mine is the profit in hand!

Mine is the gain so I draw
Blood of my men at command.
What costs me their faint and fall,
Dying choke or crippled crawl,
Cries of their fellows unmanned?
Mine is the profit in hand!

Mine is the gain so I goad
Girls till they sink where they stand.
What can I profit from babes to be born?
What can I lose through loves forlorn,
Women forever child-banned?
Mine is the profit in hand!

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THE MAGIC CARPET

BY ALBERT EDWARDS

THE real name of the ship does not matter. We called her the Magic Carpet.

She was a big, lumbering freighter to which had been superadded a sort of camel's hump of cabins amidship. But the fitting of her up for "passenger service" had not improved her looks nor changed the character of her crew. The captain, it is true, came down to dinner in white linen. But when at work he was barefooted and profane, as the skipper of a cargo boat should be. We called her the Magic Carpet because we had never found a conveyance which carried one so far in so short a time.

At ten in the morning we were in Gibraltar harbor. Anchored in the basin at the foot of the great fortress rock were the flagship and several smaller units of the British Mediterranean fleet. As we were getting under way two ships came in, a big liner from America and a giant P. and O. boat from Hongkong. Whether one thinks of commerce—the meeting of merchandise from the ends of the earth—or of super-dreadnoughts and destroyers as most typical of our civilization, certainly Gibraltar harbor is one of the most modern spots on the globe.

In less than three hours we landed at Tangier—had traveled all the way back into the Old Testament. The armament of the average Moorish warrior is a crooked knife, and commerce is carried on beasts of burden. It is a long way indeed from ocean liners to transportation by mule and camel back.

I think it was the snake-charmer more than any one other thing which gave us the sense of having traveled an immense distance—his performance was at once so puerile and so solemn. Did he believe in his own magic? Certainly most of his audience were mystified by his legerdemain. I remember especially a group of shepherds from the Anghera hills, wrapped in their dirt-colored *djillobs;* they squatted on their heels and watched breathlessly. They were mightily mystified when the old faker blew red fire out of his nose. The performance in itself would have delighted school-boys at home. The audience—the circle of dark, tense faces—would have impressed the most *blasé* man of the West.

In many of the ways in which we are most grown up the people of Islam are still little children. A mechanical toy will interest a Prime Minister, but you cannot interest him in sanitation. At first one is inclined to despise them. But, on closer acquaintance, one is surprised to find that they are just as contemptuous of us. And gradually a realization grows that there are some departments of life which we have not yet begun to study in which their wisdom is already hoary. But, at all events, it is a long, long way from Gibraltar and its far-flung commerce to the market-place of Tangier.

So, in the smoking-room, after dinner, we decided to call our ship the Magic Carpet.

"We" were the three men aboard to whom English, in its various dialects, was natural language.

There was Bateson, an egg-buyer with a Cockney tongue. His principal feature was an amazingly long pair of drooping mustachios. There was almost always a drop of whisky and soda hanging from either end. And when he shook his head in disagreement to anything, you longed for an umbrella. He had a "wife and kiddies" at home, but, being "on the road," he saw little of them. He had bought eggs for the London market in Siberia and Bulgaria, in Norway and Spain; he spoke all these languages fluently with a Cockney accent. The thing which had impressed him most in life and which he most liked to talk of was the Russian revolution. He had been in that forlorn land during the outbreaks of 1905 and 1906. And every night he told the story, with a wealth of gestures and invectives, of how the "bloody bounders," as he called those Russians who believed in the Rights of Man, had proclaimed a general strike, and how in consequence a whole shipment of eggs had rotted on his hands. His single-hearted devotion to his vocation was impressive. Wars and revolutions and pestilence—Mazagan, one of the best egg ports on the Morocco coast, was closed with bubonic plague—interested him only so far as they affected the price of his commodity.

But he was a sympathetic soul, and every now and then he would try to comfort me. Of course my misfortune in not having been

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born an Englishman was overwhelming; but, after all, he would say in his strange dialect, the Yankees have built the best wind-jammers and written the best music of any nation on earth. I knew that fifty years ago our New England ship-builders had been pre-eminent, but his tribute to our music puzzled me until he explained that "Home, Sweet Home" was the finest song in the language.

Binning was an Oxford man who had just failed to win a university fellowship, and so had failed utterly. If ever a man was built for one particular position and none other, it was Binning. He would have been an almost ideal Fellow. He would have sunk softly and contentedly into the rut. He would have known the index of his special subject by heart. He would have grown fat and flabby from lack of exercise, and a bit stoop-shouldered, and would have prided himself on his geniality.

But he had failed of this berth. He had struggled for a year or so as a teacher in boys' schools at home, and, failing at that too, he was now English master of a Jewish charity school in Morocco supported by the Alliance Israelite Universelle. His salary was fifty pounds a year and a room. By smoking very vile tobacco he could save enough to get home every other summer. I doubt if he taught the Jewish lads very much. A pitiful little man, with frayed cuffs and shiny coat—and he would have made such a dignified and contented addition to the scenery in a university town! Naturally of a pleasant disposition, his gloomy life had embittered him. He cultivated stinging epigrams and sarcasm. It was he who called my attention to the drops of whisky and soda on Bateson's mustache. And when Binning could think of nothing better to do, he would talk Spanish, throwing in unwarranted "h's" in imitation of Bateson, who never knew he was being jeered at.

I was the third of the little clique, and, in spite of my repeated explanations that I was born in a slave State, the Britishers insisted on calling me "the Yank."

Bateson ranked Kipling next—although a long way—below the author of "Home, Sweet Home." And this night, inspired, I suppose, by the afternoon in Tangier, he began to quote:

"For East is East and West is West—"

Binning interrupted him.

"And whenever the twain do meet, it makes a frightful mess." He waved his hand around to indicate the heterogeneous assembly in the Magic Carpet's smoking-room.

A group of Frenchmen were drinking unhealthy-colored syrups around a table where two officers, resplendent in red jackets, blue breeches, and gold lace, were playing dominoes. They were on their way to Casablanca to help in the overthrow of Morocco.

Some Spaniards were talking excitedly over a Cadiz newspaper they had bought on shore. Their drink was *aguardiente*.

Most interesting were two flaxen-haired Teutons who had just finished a silent game of chess and were opening a new bottle of Augustiner Brau. One of them was known to be an agent of the Mannesmann Brothers, the firm of German steel manufacturers who have plunged themselves into notoriety and have almost plunged Europe into war by buying much mining property in Morocco. The reason why the Mannesmann Brothers should not buy land in Morocco is obscured by a great flow of diplomatic verbiage—in plain English, the French want those mines themselves. And so this German firm, formerly only known as the producers of high-grade steel and iron tubing, have become figures in *Weltpolitik*. They have been speculating in the peace of Europe. The other German made it a point to approach every one on board and explain that he was a simple tourist. But, in spite of his mufti, the way he carried his shoulders and his stride marked him for an army officer.

At another table were two Jews. The younger was in English clothes. He might have been a clerk in a London exporting house, or possibly he was the modern son of the ancient man beside him. The older Jew wore the traditional costume of his race in Morocco; he presented a symbolization of political impotence. His black tarboosh, his black kaftan and slippers, were outward marks of his civil disabilities. A Moor once explained to me that the Jews were forced to wear this costume so that the True Believers would know whom to spit at. And he wore these black stigmata of scorn even on board a European ship, where he might have discarded them. His face, his furtive eyes, his whole bearing and manner, were of obsequious humility.

And yet he exuded wealth. He might just as well have posed for a picture of

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Financial Power. His kaftan was of finest imported broadcloth. "We" also had suits of broadcloth—for state occasions. We valued them too highly to bring them out on this dirty coaster. For the old Jew it was his daily wear. He had rich rings, a massive watch-chain, and a girdle of cloth of gold. Such girdles are one of the most striking paradoxes of all our contradictory life. They are of unique fabric, woven only in the *mellahs* of Moroccan towns. There are no Ghettos in Europe, not even in Russia, so abjectly poverty-stricken, so oppressed—and nowhere is more costly fabric made.

The old Jew clothed in gorgeous humility and the young Jew in tweeds were the most placid-looking couple in the smoking-room. With the strange ability of their race to play all the colors on the wheel of chance, they cared very little whether French or German won, whether Morocco was to remain an independent empire or to fall. The Sultan is trying to extort higher taxes, which always makes money-lending lucrative. There is great profit in victualing the French army of invasion. Out of every thousand marks which the Germans are investing in mining rights a large percentage finds its way into the *mellahs*, into the little furnaces, where gold coin is melted down to make the fine wire from which are woven such sumptuous girdles as that which the old man wore.

There was a solitary man in the room, detached from any of the groups. He was a Moor, evidently a man of consequence in his community, probably a sheik of the Atlas Berbers, returning from his pilgrimage to Mecca. He sat uncomfortably but stoically on a European chair. He had thrown the cowl of his *djillob* up over his turban, so that his finely cut features were shaded, but his large brown eyes glowed with pain and rage as he looked out on the company of Infidels who were, to use the Moorish phrase, "eating" his country. Drinkers of alcohol, gamblers with cards, usurers. Some of these foreigners who were waxing fat off his fatherland never prayed to God at all, used his name only in profanity, and some of them when they entered a church prayed to the image of a woman. It is small wonder that many devout Mussulmans believe that *el Masîh el Dajjal*—the Antichrist—has come, and that the *Mahdi* must soon appear to re-establish Islam and make ready the world for the Last Day.

The donkey-engine up forward began to snort and grunt over the anchor. Bateson ordered another whisky and soda. Binning and I went out and leaned over the rail. The Happy Moon of Shoowal, which follows Ramadan, the Moon of Fasting, was just coming up over the red-brown Anghera hills. Its fairy sheen crept down the side of the mountain back of Tangier, and at last flooded the white and blue walls of the city. It is hard to believe that this ineffable African moon is the same as the one we see through the smoke and dust at home.

"Even the French, with their greedy inventiveness," Binning said, "have not discovered how to make money out of the moon. So at least one of Morocco's ancient splendors is still safe."

The glory of the night held us there on deck until the Magic Carpet had rounded the corner of the continent at Cape Spartal and was headed south.

There is a strange fascination to the ships which ply on the byways of the sea. There is hardly an item, except the salt flavor of the air, to remind one of the great floating hotels which cross the Atlantic. The advertisement of our ship emphasized two things: (1) She carried a stewardess; (2) the cooking was in charge of a chef from a first-class hotel. The first was true. But, although they had once had a cook on board, he had deserted at Cadiz several voyages before. Since then there had been only one kind of dessert served at dinner—plum duff. Those who could afford it bought bread and fruit ashore and ate nothing from the ship's galley except boiled eggs. But if the dining-saloon had little to offer in the way of variety, the bar in the smoking-room had one of the most complex assortment of beverages I have ever seen. If an Eskimo had dropped in suddenly and asked for a tall glass of whale oil, I think the multilingual steward would have understood his order and served him.

The "promenade" deck was washed down with some regularity. Instead of the steamer chairs which the traveler on the highways of the sea is apt to think inevitably associated with ocean voyages, the Magic Carpet carried great wickerwork chairs of Madeira make. The greatest difference—except, of course, the passengers—is that the coasters do most of their traveling at night. If the weather is good, it is one day in each port and a night's run to the next. But if the sea is running high, you sometimes have to

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wait days on end before unloading, for there are no harbors on the Morocco coast.

We made Casablanca at sunrise. It is the busiest port of all. The town, after a very long sleep, has suddenly waked to feverish life; it is the base of the French army of subjugation. We found two transports in the offing with reinforcements of Algerian troops. A big freighter out of Marseilles lay next us, her hold full of braying army mules. Two Paquet & Cie. steamers were discharging commissary and hospital stores. And while we were breakfasting a little English side-wheeler, chartered by the French Government, came in, her deck close packed with light mountain artillery, her hold full of ammunition. The military authorities were using all but one derrick on the mole, so our cargo of Manchester cotton, Chinese tea, and French sugar was unloaded slowly.

It was this morning at Casablanca that I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Brail. There were five women aboard; two were Spanish, fat and voluble, one was a Jewess, fat and silent. And then there were Mrs. Brail and Mlle. Potin. The Frenchwoman was evidently the richer. But Mrs. Brail was married. She was going out to join her husband, a British Vice-Consul who had recently been appointed to a miasmic, fever-ridden African port. He had been at his post a month or more, trying to make it habitable for her. It was her first excursion beyond the realm of electric lights and newspapers. Mlle. Potin was going out to rescue from loneliness a young French officer who was instructing the native police in Mogador. Mrs. Brail was a small, rather plump, wren-like creature. Her clothes as well as her form suggested the comparison. Mlle. Potin was more sprightly. She had a loud laugh which combined very fittingly with her gowns and her rakish hat.

But the strongest contrast between the two women lay in their eyes. There was a noticeable timidity in Mrs. Brail's eyes, which would not entirely have vanished if Mr. Brail had been at her side. She seemed afraid of seeing things which her mother had not seen, things which are not written down in the book of Good Form. Yet they were merry eyes. She was not at all afraid of such things as the African jungle, of lions or fever.

Binning, commenting on the eyes of Mlle. Potin, said: "When the great Jahwa looked on this world which he had created, he saw that it was good. That young lady has seen a lot of things which Jahwa failed to notice."

But, in spite of the fact that her eyes looked as though they had not been amazed or shocked for a very long while, they also were merry. There were amusing little wrinkles about them which seemed only an extension of the twinkles within.

Bateson quoted something from Kipling about the difference between the Colonel's Lady and Mrs. O'Grady extending little deeper than the former's cosmetics, and Binning delivered himself of a philippic against snobbery.

"Mrs. Brail," he said, "will find respectability a dreary companion alone here on board. All day long she'll sit here sewing or reading and thanking God that she is not as other women are. And every few minutes she'll get up and hang over the rail and wish she had the other woman's liberty, wish she could go ashore and have a decent meal. She'll look as if she was enjoying her propriety and good name, but she'll be wondering what Mlle. Potin is doing, and down in the bottom of her heart she'll be envying her."

And it seemed as if there was some truth in Binning's tirade, for Mrs. Brail, looking very lonely indeed, was watching Mlle. Potin and the French clamoring merrily down into a bumboat.

"Well," I said, "she'll not be forced to regret her respectability because no one asked her to go ashore. I haven't been presented to her, and I'll probably be snubbed, but I feel it's a duty—my little contribution to the maintenance of good living."

Binning said I was a fool and Bateson retreated to the smoking-room in dismay. But, hat in hand, I approached Mrs. Brail. An old proverb says that if you can make a woman laugh your point is won. So I based my brief on the impropriety of her staying alone on the ship with a lot of strange officers. It is not only a man's heart which can be won by way of the stomach, so I also played up the superior cuisine ashore. I also proposed to take Binning along to interpret for her in case she had trouble understanding my American dialect. It was touch and go for a few minutes, and then she smiled.

It was an exciting scramble along the mole, between bales of antiseptic bandages and dismembered field artillery. The whole affair was immensely complicated by plung-

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ing, braying mules. To a French mule who has grown to maturity with no greater adventures than occasional thefts of carrots it is decidedly disturbing to be taken on a long sea trip, be whipped out of the ship's hold by a derrick, swung about for a while in the air, lowered into a pitching small boat, and then, after being swung once more into the air, to find himself again on solid earth. I was heartily anxious to get away. The French are so careless about explosives, and if some of the flying heels of those joyful mules should have struck the business end of a lyddite shell— But Mrs. Brail wanted to stop and gaze at some coal-black Negro soldiers of a Senegambian regiment. They looked, she said, just like the people in the pictures her husband sent her.

We strolled about in the bazaars. Mrs. Brail was happily able to buy some knitting-needles, a supply of which she had forgotten to secure in London. This little purchase seemed to render her prospect of a year under the equator decidedly more pleasant. Every few minutes she would remember it and say how glad she was to have found them.

The *déjeuner* at the French hotel was good, and afterwards we had a donkey ride out to an orange grove. We were tired and dusty as we were rowed out to the boat in the red glow of the African sunset.

"It is almost enough to make a man an optimist," Binning said, after Mrs. Brail had prettily stammered out her thanks, "to realize how much real enjoyment which is innocent one can find in this world. That is one of the striking differences," he went on, "between life and literature. You couldn't make a story out of our afternoon ashore. Nothing happened which she can't tell her husband, and what a woman will tell her husband doesn't interest the 'average reader.'"

His cynicism was interrupted by the arrival of another bumboat. Mlle. Potin came up the ladder alone.

"*Bon soir*, Mamzelle. Have you enjoyed yourself?" I asked.

"O la! la!" she cried, gleefully. "You speak French? All my friends have gone ashore here. I have no one to talk to all the way to Mogador."

So after supper that evening Bateson drank his nightcap alone. Binning talked to Mrs. Brail on the port deck, and I tried to revive my French on the starboard.

Cunninghame Graham, in his biting satire "Bristol Fashion," says: "Men's minds are built in reason-tight compartments and what they do but little influences them, for the real life we live is one of thought." And he goes on to explain how people who seem, because of their acts, very bad indeed, may in this hidden, interior life be really good.

It is far from a new idea. But although the Church has condemned the heresy as antinomianism, no thought which has so continually cropped out in the race's history can be wholly false. And so, in a strange way which is very hard to express, I think Fifi, as Binning disrespectfully called Mlle. Potin, was a good woman.

"*La vie est dure*" was a phrase ever on her lips. If she could have grasped this sorry scheme of things entire and molded it nearer to her heart's desire, I am quite sure she would have eliminated the ancient profession to which she belonged. And as I listened to her chatter I began to speculate on what changes she would have to make in the world in order to bring it nearer her ideal. I do not think she would have had to change herself very much. The pressure of her remolding hand would have been felt most strongly by the masculine side of society.

But perhaps I am attributing to the lady a broader programme of reform than she had really in mind. She did not seem much given to speculative thought. But of one thing I am quite sure. She was glad of an amateur friend, glad to find some one with whom to while away the long hours abroad who was willing to ignore her profession.

She told me stories about the little Norman village of Vernon, where she had been born. I had stopped there once overnight on a tramping trip. She told me of the school, and how one year she had won the Rosary. She told me of the lure of the theater, and of how she had come to Paris and struggled up to the position of first soprano at the Folie Bergère, and how a Russian Grand Duke— And of course very little of it was true, unless Cunninghame Graham is right—that our real life is the one we wish and dream of.

The next morning, as every one else from her table had left, the steward moved Mlle. Potin to a seat next to Mrs. Brail, and so they began to speak. It was the Englishwoman's first trip from home, but the

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Magic Carpet had already carried us into that strange borderland whose citizens have no "past," where it is impolite to ask what any one's name was at home or why he left, where there are no social distinctions. I do not think Mrs. Brail was conscious of her new citizenship, only she felt that it would be ludicrous to bring the conventions of an English village on board an African coaster.

It was the next day, at Saffi, a white-walled Moorish town clustered about a gray sixteenth-century Portuguese fortress, that the bare speaking acquaintance between the two women became intimate.

Towards sundown there was a twanging of *ginbris*, a beating of tom-toms, on the lower deck. We all hurried aft to see what was afoot. Among the steerage passengers there was a troupe of native entertainers. There was a white-haired old patriarch, and three young lads who were acrobats and dancers. The other deck passengers, Moors and poorer Jews, formed a circle about the performers, and we from the first cabin looked down on it all.

Mlle. Potin and I were on the port side. Presently the chief engineer touched my arm.

"What's that chap down there by the forward hatch doing—the one in a blue *djillob*?"

I watched the fellow closely. He was sitting on a coil of wire rope and very slowly turning himself around.

"I give it up."

"Well," the chief said, with a grin, "when he gets up, that rope he's sitting on will be wound around him inside the *djillob*. He's one of the fellows who came on to handle cargo. We've lost many a fathom of good cable that way. I've tipped off the first officer. If you want to see some fun, keep an eye on him."

I translated to Mlle. Potin, and her eyes gleamed. There is a mystic sort of brotherhood among all those who prey. As shooting big game is to playing marbles, so is a man hunt to any other sport.

The tom-toms kept up their beating. The reed instruments wailed. The little boys went through their contortions. The man in the blue *djillob* continued to revolve slowly on the coil of cable. The first officer stood by the starboard rail attending to the loading of the last lighter. He would wave his hand, the cogs of the donkey-engine would rasp, and up would come a bale of cloth. He would check it off in his book as it went over the rail, curse a little to hurry the work, and take a quick look at the Moor in the blue *djillob*.

Standing there watching, sympathy for the hunted came to us strongly.

"*Il n'a pas de chance*," Mlle. Potin said, regretfully.

The last bale had come up out of the hold; the ship's crew were closing the hatch. The Moors who had come on board to help in the unloading were clambering over the side, down a knotted rope into the lighter. The first officer, trying to look unconcerned, was holding a stout belaying-pin in his hand.

The Moorish thief got up slowly. As the chief had said, the wire cable had disappeared. I know I wanted to warn the poor beggar, and so did Mlle. Potin. Perhaps by some sort of thought transference we did. More probably he saw the belaying-pin in the mate's hand, and his guilty conscience did the rest. At all events, he suddenly decided to jump for it, instead of going down the rope and so passing close to danger. It was not more than ten or twelve feet from the rail to the high poop of the lighter. We were already under way, and, once off the ship, he would be safe. As he balanced himself on the rail, the mate yelled and heaved the belaying-pin at him. It whistled close to his head and the Moor jumped.

We who understood the affair rushed over to starboard to see the outcome. It would have been an easy jump under ordinary circumstances. But with a hundred odd pounds of steel wire about his waist it was a different thing. He landed fairly on the little steersman's deck. His foot slipped a bit; he struggled to gain his balance. The weight was too much for him; with an ear-rending shriek, he tottered over the edge. The steersman grabbed at his clothes, but the time-worn *djillob* tore; there was a second shriek and a splash.

A paralysis fell on all of us as we watched the air bubbles which came up through the water with spasmodic irregularity.

"Why doesn't somebody save him?" Mrs. Brail sobbed.

Save him? A hundredweight of steel about him in forty feet of water? Davy Jones's locker had closed over him with a click.

At the cry of "Man overboard!" the engines had stopped. The lighter had been cast

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off just as the Moor jumped, and his fellow-workers, some of whom probably expected to share the proceeds of his theft, hung over its side watching the bubbles come up. We stood by for several minutes — until the lightermen got out their sweeps and started shoreward—then two bells clanged down in the engine-room and we started on our way.

A sharp exclamation from Binning called my attention to Mrs. Brail, who had crumpled up on the deck. Somebody called "Stewardess!" But Mlle. Potin had already brushed aside the men who were trying to help and had the fainting woman's head in her lap.

"Carry her to her room," she said.

Binning and I stooped down awkwardly to lift her; but Bateson intervened.

"Hi say, hi've got a wife. Hi knows how to carry a lidy."

And, shaking the whisky and soda out of his mustachios, he picked her up as if she had been a crate of eggs. The soiled and dilapidated individual who called himself the chief steward rushed up with the news that the stewardess was drunk. Mlle. Potin said she would take care of Mrs. Brail.

Later in the evening, when we were under way, Binning and I were pacing the deck. And as we passed Mrs. Brail's porthole we could hear the Frenchwoman singing a soft Norman lullaby. Binning was unusually silent. The cynicism which ordinarily came so glibly to his lips did not seem to fit the occasion.

The next morning at breakfast Mlle. Potin was arrayed in a more gorgeous gown than we had yet seen. Her hat was ten degrees more rakish than any she had worn so far. Mogador was already in sight; she had reached her journey's end.

When we came on deck, we were passing in between the island and the town. It is the most beautiful of the Moroccan ports. The Moors call it "Er-Suira," which is the affectionate diminutive of their word for a picture. As I was leaning over the rail, filling my lungs with fresh air, trying to get rid of the taste of vile coffee and marveling at the weird beauty of the high-flung surf against the century-old fortress walls, Mlle. Potin came to my side.

"My friend," she said, "I have a favor to ask. "In a few minutes my officer will come aboard to take me ashore. Will you keep the English lady on the other side of the boat? I would not like her to see—you understand?"

And so, as we dropped anchor and our starboard side swung round towards the city, I established Mrs. Brail in a big wicker chair to port and told her the legend of the deserted mosque on the island, and of the great prison there and of the rebels for whom it was built, and of Kaid Omar, the Governor of the island, who lives there alone with two little boys and gets a salary of ten dollars a year, to prevent smuggling, and is getting rapidly rich off his contraband trade. When I ran out of yarns, we fell silent for a while. Presently Mrs. Brail remarked that this is a strange world.

"Mlle. Potin," I replied, "calls it a hard world."

"She is a strange woman."

"Yes," I said, "but not a hard one."

"No—not hard," Mrs. Brail agreed.

"I wonder—" she began after a pause. "It makes one wonder—

"It's all so very different," she began again, "and so far away, it makes one wonder—"

But Binning came up, and so what might have been a very interesting speculation was interrupted. Mlle. Potin had had plenty of time to get ashore, and I also was landing at Mogador, so I got up to make my adieux.

After I had seen my bags safely in the bumboat, I shook hands again at the head of the ladder.

"I hope we meet again some time," she called down after me, "at home."

I waved my hand.

But probably Mrs. Brail would be quite uninteresting at home.

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THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator is the proud owner of a single pair of spectacles which he often wishes he might, by some Oriental magic, multiply many, many times in order to put into the possession of each one of his friends a similar pair of these wonderful glasses. He calls them his "rose-colored X-ray spectacles," because he believes that they enable him to peer deeply beneath the exterior garb and character of a man or woman and perceive that which is most beautiful. His friends call them his "self-delusion spectacles;" but he is very well satisfied with his own appellation. It was on one of the days of midwinter that the Spectator placed his spectacles very securely but quite inconspicuously upon the bridge of his nose and left the peaceful atmosphere of Union Seminary, where he had been calling on a friend, for a stroll downtown.

"Oh, I maka sometima two dollars, sometima three dollars, and onea day I maka five dollars!"

The Spectator nodded his head solemnly in proper appreciation of the magnitude of the last-named marvelous sum. Standing there in front of his piano grinding out most energetically and stoically the notes of "Come, Josephine, in my Flying-Machine," the man who spoke had seemed most unattractive. His suit was so shiny and worn that it might have been said to be of an invisible blue or brown, or any color; his rough, swarthy face looked almost as expressionless and worn as the suit. Even his piano was shabby and tired-looking; it did not possess a Punch-and-Judy show going on in its upper section; and there were not even any little green parrots to pick out your true, written fortune from a collection of envelopes upon the payment of the small sum of five cents. Never, the Spectator made a solemn vow, when he should rise to the proprietorship of a street piano, would he go out into such a neighborhood as Forty-second Street without these valuable accessories. He hinted as much to the owner, in an effort to draw him out.

"But I hava my brother," was the proud reply. "He blowa the whistle. He learna it in one day."

"Surely," said the Spectator, as he listened to the boy of fifteen standing in the street and accompanying his brother on a shrill mechanical whistle, "he really did it very cleverly," though the Spectator noticed with a smile how the boy emphasized most strongly those notes which were reached when his brother had the handle of his instrument at its lowest point. Gradually, under the influence of kind questions, the Italian relaxed his stolidness and told the old, old story of the struggles of a new immigrant to America to get a start in our land.

"But now I hava my home and my wifa here," he said. "Yes, and a *bambino* two days old." His brown eyes softened. "Thank you. No, I don't feela the cold," he added, bravely. But the watery eyes and the blue hands betrayed the fact that even the stanchest resolutions cannot shut out the effect of a descending thermometer on a body accustomed to the warm Sicilian sun.

The hundred and one illuminated signs were shedding their artificial sunshine along Broadway when the Spectator approached the Metropolitan Opera-House. Near one of the large signboards which announce, to the despair of limited time and money, some of the coming attractions within, he stopped to make the acquaintance of one of those merchants in librettos who have always fascinated him. That a man who might know nothing of the beauty of the music should day after day be selling the words to that music has long amused his fancy. The shoes of this individual were quite guiltless of ever having seen the contents of a blacking-bottle, and were well on the way toward an exemplification of the decomposition of all matter. His black derby hat was very shiny, and had evidently been the victim of an unfortunate encounter with the sidewalk or some other unyielding opponent. There was a pleasing similarity between these articles of clothing and the rest of his apparel, which at least indicated a soul in which was perhaps an unconscious but still very evident love of harmony. The face was that of an ill-fed, worked-out man of fifty, with scanty gray hair and many, many wrinkles.

"Librettos of all the operas," the Spectator was told. "'Il Trovatore'? Yes, sir; they're playing that to-night," as the opera was paid for twice over in an effort to unseal his lips.

He was not very communicative; he seemed suspicious; but he finally told of spending most of his days in the steel works until his ill health and injuries unfitted him for almost any employment. He used to earn four dollars a day, but now—yes, he used to have a nice little home out in Pennsylvania; now he had three small rooms. One of his daughters worked in a department store, and the other sang in the chorus in one of the theaters. Yes, he liked music. No, he had never heard "Il Trovatore." He guessed it was pretty, but "kinda" sad. It was a tragedy, some one had told him. He guessed they didn't have anything in real life like that nowadays.

"No," the Spectator told himself as he moved

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slowly away; "they don't have tragedies like that in real life nowadays."

It was only a few moments that the Spectator and the missionary who works among the Russians spent in a very small Jewish restaurant near Henry Street. The menu list was very simple, and the prices indicated very clearly that they were not in a region where much expense was wasted on the animal part of man.

"Soup..... 5 cents
Milk..... 3 cents
Steak and potatoes..... 15 cents," etc.

So the menu ran; and the Spectator found everything served very cleanly and neatly by a clear-eyed, happy young Jew who waited upon them.

"They're very nice people," he was assured by his companion; "very clean, but very poor, and very honest. I take you into a Russian restaurant later: but you need strong stomach to eat there."

There was not the least doubt of that in the Spectator's mind as they descended the steps into one of the basement restaurants on Henry Street. It was filled with large, rugged Russians who were seemingly able to digest their ten-cent meals of black rye bread, *kapusta* (or sauer-kraut), and meat. On some of the tables stood a can of foaming beer; but this was an extra to the regular bill of fare which some one had gone outside and bought at his own expense. Many of the faces were hard, unyielding, and relentless, but all softened a little as they listened quietly and with interest to the message of the Gospel which the missionary delivered, and were quite willing to receive the pamphlets in their language which he distributed. The wife of the proprietor herself expressed a desire to come to one of the meetings if her work ever permitted. The walls of the room were grim with the heavy tobacco smoke which floated everywhere; there was not a picture in the place, nor a stimulus of any nature to raise these men to any higher plane of living.

"*Dobri vuchur*" (Good evening), said the missionary, as they stepped into a small room on the fifth floor of a brick tenement. It was such an agreeable change from their last stopping-place that the Spectator breathed a deep sigh of relief. They had just come from a cellar room about thirty by fifteen feet in size, in which were four rough beds and eight Russians to occupy them. The walls there had been cracked and dirty, ornamented with the usual calendar and three maps, all alike, of Goldfield, Nevada, which by their colors of red and green had evidently been hung up to give a decorative effect to the room. The working clothes of the men were hanging over cords stretched across from wall to wall. One man was engaged in washing out soiled clothing on a washing-board, and the others were sitting on the beds in their heavy woolen underwear because they possessed no other clothing in which to sleep. The advantage in time of dressing and undressing was the only part of this arrangement that had at all appealed to the Spectator. From the small stove an almost suffocating heat was cast forth; and one was very much aware of the perspiring bodies of the men. Yet one of those very men, he learned, had risked his life the day before to save a comrade while engaged in tearing down a building; another was studying his prayer-book earnestly even while they were in the room; all were striving to save sufficient money to bring their wives or sweethearts to this country.

"*Dobri vuchur*," replied the man and woman in this room which they were just entering. Yes, it certainly was much pleasanter. The floors were bare, but had been well polished with sand; the chairs were cheap, but they were clean. The walls were covered with a simple, plain paper on which were a few chromos, and one or two pictures over whose frames hung small sprays of evergreen and some worn-looking everlastings of red and green. In one corner was a cradle made recently from a soap-box placed on two old rockers. The manufacturer had been too hurried to cover up the source of his material, and on the outside was still the plain inscription: "Miller's Soap Kills Dirt; Insist on Having It." But the little brown-haired child slept none the less peacefully. On a high box near the window-sill were some red geraniums in full bloom. Around the kettles and cans in which they were growing one could read from the paper wrapped about them either the account of a baseball game, a description of some late book, or even a digest on women's fashions. But one plant was in a tomato can, and the wrapper, showing a rich, juicy tomato, had evidently been deemed sufficiently beautiful to warrant its remaining exposed to view.

It was almost too good to be true that the woman's name should be Olga, and that the babe in the home-made cradle should have been baptized Katusha. The Spectator almost felt himself within the pages of some of the Russian novels which he loves and whose characters he knows so well. He felt as if, glancing out of the window, he might be apt to see a *troika* or some other Russian vehicle passing by as he listened to the simple story of the household.

"This man," said the missionary, "live in cellar like them other fellers until he is converted. Then he want to get up out of them. And he does; and he send for his wife. And he tell me how fine it be if she is converted too.

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And when she come she is converted, and they are baptized together. And in the water they kiss each other on the cheeks, and he says to her: "Olga, we serve God together."

The missionary's eyes were very moist as he finished. Olga and her husband had listened quietly, understanding the nature of what was being said. The Spectator found it best not to say a great deal lest he betray his emotion, when the wife proudly offered him an orange from her little half-dozen, saying, in her pretty broken English, as she pointed to her husband: "We get them because it is his birthday."

"All people are, after all, very much alike," said the Spectator, as he and his companion walked by the marvelous shops and peculiar curbstone bargains which only the Bowery can offer.

"Yes, all we have to do is to get to know each other," sighed the missionary. "And then you see the good in everybody."

THE NEW BOOKS

Young Beck. By McDonnell Bodkin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.

English detective stories of only moderate interest and excitement.

Toll Bar (The). By J. E. Buckrose. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.35.

A carefully written but tragical story of English village life, with more than one strong character placed in trying circumstances.

Saintsbury Affair (The). By Roman Doubleday. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.25.

Mr. Doubleday is rapidly making a reputation as one of the cleverest of our writers of mystery stories. The present book is one of the best of this class because it holds the attention throughout, has novel incidents in the detection of crime, is logical, and is at least possible and consistent, if not very probable, in its plot. Mr. Doubleday writes clearly and directly. As a complicated murder story the book is unusually strong.

Elliott Gray, Jr. By Colton Maynard. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

A school story which is not *all* slang and athletics, although the boys are lively and play football. The spirit and tone of the book are admirable.

Sixty Years' Life and Adventures in the Far East. By John Dill Rose. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $7.

Mr. Rose's two volumes comprise a graphic survey of actual life in Borneo, Java, Siam, Singapore, the Philippines, Annam, Tonkin, China, and Japan.

Christianity: An Interpretation. By S. D. McConnell, D.D., LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.20.

To the ever-recurrent question, What is Christianity? another answer is here added to those recently given by Harnack and others. This interpretation is both biological and ethical: "The two foci of the whole orbit of Christianity are these: Did the man Jesus pass through death and still remain alive? and, What reason is there to believe that other men will, or can, do the same? Is the matter of personal immortality in any way connected with Jesus who is called the Christ?" The answer is that Jesus demonstrably passed out of the present life into a higher, and is the type and inspirer of the kind of life that can achieve the same. The argument is on the line of Dr. McConnell's book "Immortability." Dogmatic Christianity having broken down, he urges that Christ's primitive appeal to a dying world as the conqueror of death should be reinstated in its place as the great incentive of the ethical life like his that can overcome the shock of physical dissolution.

Miracles and Christianity. By Johannes Wendland. Translated by H. R. Mackintosh, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $1.50.

That the reality of miracle depends on the meaning given to that ambiguous word is apparent in this recent work by Dr. Wendland, of Basel. The decisive question, as he views the matter, is whether each new state of being necessarily results from the preceding, or whether new factors are from time to time introduced. Biology unhesitatingly affirms the latter, first seen in the rise of the organic from the inorganic, then in the rise of the animal world from the plant world, and so on. Such phenomena Dr. Wendland views as natural miracles. They evince a new influx of creative life which religion ascribes to the ever-living God, and recognizes it as ever-continuing both in nature and in man. "Belief in miracle fundamentally means just that there is a living God." A large part of this treatise is given to critical reviews of German writers on the subject. Of more interest is its treatment of the Biblical miracles, and the large concessions it makes to their modern critics, holding it "doubtful" in regard to the nature-miracles ascribed to Jesus "whether God has ever wrought events of such a kind in the course of redeeming history." The author truly states that he has not written in the interest of any theological party. It is significant of a progressive theology that the sponsor and translator of his work is a Presbyterian seminary professor.

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BY THE WAY

A new German invention, the pulmotor, may be the means of saving many lives. It is designed to resuscitate persons who have been overcome by inhaling gas. The instrument expels the gas from the lungs of the victim and substitutes oxygen, and then automatically establishes artificial breathing until natural respiration is resumed. In one case, a newspaper report states, two miners had been for several hours given up as dead, and were about to be removed to the morgue, when they were entirely resuscitated by the use of the pulmotor.

Captain Monte, of the Italian army, has the distinction of being the first aviator to be wounded in actual warfare. While dropping bombs on an Arab encampment near Tobruk, he was severely injured by a rifle ball, and his aeroplane was hit four times by bullets. He managed, however, to fly back to camp.

Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York City, the well-known publishers, are to put up a ten-story building on Fifth Avenue near Forty-eighth Street, for the accommodation of their business. It seems only a few years since this firm moved to the then "farthest north" of Twenty-third Street. The uptown movement in New York City, however, gives little stability of location even to the most conservative establishment.

The Rev. W. S. Rainsford has presented to the American Museum of Natural History a valuable collection of weapons used by the Cherangang N'dorobo, an African tribe visited by him during a recent hunting expedition. This small tribe has maintained itself successfully against powerful enemies by the use of poisoned arrows such as are included in the collection. The secret of the preparation of the poison is most carefully guarded by the tribe, whose very existence depends upon its possession.

The Western Union Telegraph Company is to have all its messages typewritten. The company is said to have purchased ten thousand typewriters for this purpose—the largest purchase of typewriters ever made by one company at one time.

English manufacturers of automobiles apparently do not care to cater to Canadian trade. At a recent exhibition in Montreal, says the "Automobile," not a single English car was to be seen, while nearly all the well-known American manufacturers were represented. The English cars, it is said, are not suited to Canadian roads and climatic conditions.

Madison Square Garden, New York City, will not be demolished for at least a year. It may remain in existence indefinitely, its present owners state, if it can be made a satisfactory investment.

Chapman & Hall, the English publishers of Charles Dickens's novels, report that the order of popularity of these stories, as indicated by their sales, is as follows: 1, "Tale of Two Cities;" 2, "David Copperfield;" 3, "Pickwick Papers;" 4, "Nicholas Nickleby;" 5, "Oliver Twist;" 6, "Old Curiosity Shop;" 7, "Martin Chuzzlewit." The firm sold 750,000 copies of the novels in 1911. On one of them, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," the publishers still retain a copyright.

France will spend $4,400,000 on aviation for its army during 1912. By the end of the year 344 military aeroplanes will be in use.

Direct telegraphic communication between the United States and China, Japan, and the Philippines has been interrupted by the breaking of the Pacific cable of the Commercial Cable Company. The break was occasioned by friction on the coral reefs of the Midway Islands, which forms the mid-Pacific station for the cable. A steamer has been sent to repair the break.

Explorers need not go to darkest Africa to find a *terra incognita*. Lower California has never been thoroughly explored, its geography and geology still being very imperfectly known. The Mexican Government is now making a careful scientific study of this region, no fewer than four expeditions being engaged in the work.

The opening of the Panama Canal will effect a saving in distance, for vessels that choose the new route, of 6,200 miles between Europe and San Francisco, of 1,600 miles between England and New Zealand, and of about 2,400 miles between New York and Australasian ports.

Mark Twain satirized the French duel effectively, but he is almost outdone by the sober report of a duel between two Parisian dramatic critics, in which the person most seriously injured was one of the seconds, who accidentally got in the way of the clumsy swordsmen! It seems strange that Frenchmen, who are in most matters keenly sensitive to ridicule, should not long ago have abolished that most ridiculous anachronism, the *affaire d'honneur*.

The new giantess of the seas, the White Star liner Titanic, is expected to be ready for sailing to New York City from Southampton on April 10. She is three inches longer and has a thousand tons greater carrying capacity than her sister ship, the Olympic.

The more seriously a convention is taken by its members and promoters, the fitter subject it appears for ridicule on the part of certain metropolitan newspapers. The National Association of Merchant Tailors, at its recent meeting in New York City, refused to admit reporters until they gave assurances that a truthful report of the proceedings would be given. And yet it looks as though not all of the newspaper men lived up to their agreement, for the statement is made that its fashion committee asserted that a well-dressed man ought to possess thirty-five suits of clothing!

The mast of the wrecked battle-ship Maine, with other relics, has been brought to the Washington Navy-Yard. The mast is to be erected in the National Cemetery at Arlington.

One of our great railway systems, says a technical journal, uses 1,400 different forms of stationery, and its bill for the paper and printing of this material amounted in a recent year to $2,300,000—more than it spent in that year for steel rails! There would seem to be an opening in that system for an economy and efficiency expert.

Rensselaer, New York, is trying to rid itself of the roadway announcements that buyers can buy shoes at Jones's shoe-shop, drugs at Brown's drug-store, and clothes at Robinson's clothing emporium, believing that it is unnecessary to say these undisputed things in a way that spoils the scenery. The town charges $1,000 for a bill-poster's license, and imposes stringent conditions as to the size of billboards.

Constant readers of the daily papers of our large cities sometimes wonder whether anything good is left in American life, and to them such a characterization as this, by an English contributor to the London "Inquirer," will be pleasant reading: "The liking of Americans for outdoor pleasures, their appreciation of what are called the 'sterling qualities,' their love of children, their self-reliance, their wit and good humor—these things are delightful to recall."

A noted orator said that it was far more difficult to make a good five-minute speech than one an hour long. The trouble seems to be in stopping after getting under headway. The difficulty is illustrated by what is reported as the closing effort of a member of the Austrian Parliament in a recent session: "I have already said all I wish to say, and therefore willingly withdraw all I might still say."

Cotton stalks, it is thought, may be used for the manufacture of paper. A machine has been patented which will separate the brown bark from the inner pith, and it is claimed that excellent paper pulp may be made from the latter. From the bark a substitute for excelsior is manufactured.

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Growing Little Folks

Require certain food elements for the best development of body and brain.

Sometimes these are lacking in every-day food, and many a child is thin and pale instead of plump and rosy.

Such children show quick improvement when given the right kind of food.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

is especially helpful to growing children because it contains the needed elements, such as Phosphate of Potash—the vital tissue salt for brain and nerve matter, frequently lacking in the ordinary diet.

A regular morning dish of Grape-Nuts and cream is an ideal breakfast for growing little folks, supplying the right food elements in the right way.

Children like the sweet, nutty taste of Grape-Nuts food and thrive upon it.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
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What is the Weak Spot in Your Bodily Machine?

Have you a stomach that cuts down your earning power? Do jangled nerves make an eight-hour day of good work and good nature impossible? Are your intestines sluggish? Is your liver a rebel, your breathing apparatus frequently on a strike?

These are the commonest conditions which

The Thompson Course

has set right for hundreds of men like you.

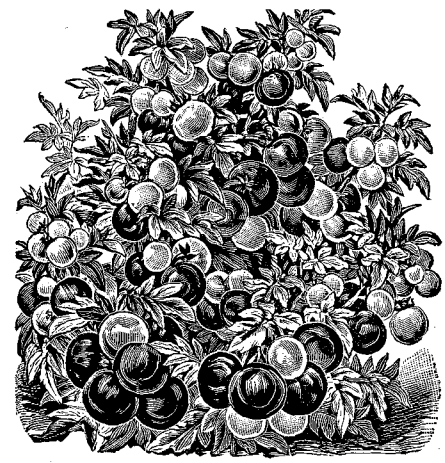
Will you tell me *your* weak spot and let me send you evidence that my Course brings back to normal condition men who were once handicapped and made miserable by the same weaknesses?

What is the Thompson Course? It is (read the following slowly) a system of easy, natural movements, applied scientifically to benefit specific bodily functions, prescribed by me personally from careful diagnosis, varied fortnightly to suit your individual progress. It is a brief daily substitute for the constant activity which keeps the bodily functions of children and savages in perfect condition and the lack of which is the price you pay for civilized, sedentary life.

Don't say: "I don't believe the Thompson Course will help me." Don't form any opinion. Just let me send the evidence, and then study that evidence as though your health depended on it—which is, if you but knew it, the truth.

If you put off writing you will forget.
(Please give home address)

J. Edmund Thompson
Suite 311, Exchange Bldg., Worcester, Mass.



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Fruit of all colors, green, white, lemon, pink, orange, yellow, to deep ruby-red, borne on the same plant in wonderful abundance. Showy and attractive beyond description. Plant dwarf, stout, upright with novel foliage. Fruit large with more solid flesh and less seed cavity than any other. Also less acid and by all odds the richest, meatiest and finest flavored Tomato.

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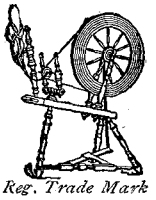
Lace Luncheon And Dinner Cloths



Reg. Trade Mark

We are showing a very complete assortment of these Cloths, Round, Square and Oblong, in the newest French and Italian Laces, also in combinations of Lace and Embroidery.

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45 inch diameter, $37.50 to 150.00 each.
54 inch diameter, $45.00 to 275.00 each.
60 inch diameter, $90.00 to 150.00 each.

Luncheon Cloths
(Square)
45 x 45 inch, $22.50 to 175.00 each.
54 x 54 inch, $27.50 to 175.00 each.

Dinner Cloths (Round)
72 inch diameter, $42.50 to 165.00 each.
90 inch diameter, $60.00 to 450.00 each.
108 inch diameter, $65.00 to 125.00 each.
126 inch diameter, $225.00 to 350.00 each.

Dinner Cloths (Oblong)
2½ x 3 yds., $125.00 to 250.00 each.
2½ x 3½ yds., $150.00 to 350.00 each.
2½ x 4 yds., $175.00 to 350.00 each.
2½ x 5 yds., $225.00 to 375.00 each.

Dinner Napkins to match most of these Cloths, $40.00 to $75.00 doz.

Our stock of French Cluny and other Lace Trimmed Linens for the dining room and bed room is also very complete.

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MAKE YOUR GARDEN YIELD ITS LIMIT

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1912 Seed Annual Free on Request

D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

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Army Revolvers	$1.65 up	Army Tents	$1.40 up
" R'pt'g Rifles	1.48 "	" Swords	.80 "
" Shotguns	2.25 "	" Uniforms(new)	1.25 "
" Haversacks	.10 "	" Leggins, Pair	.15 "
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Pistols, asst'd	.50 "	" Overcoats	2.50 "

Large catalogue with 1912 supplement 400 pages, regular military encyclopedia 5000 illustrations mailed 25c stamps. FRANCIS BANNERMAN, Military Goods from Gov't Auction, 501 Broadway, N. Y.

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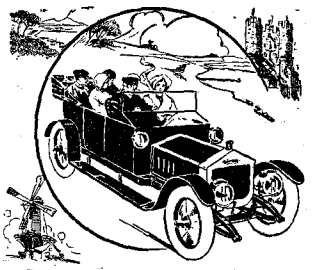

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Bible Lovers' Pilgrimage, "Kaiser Franz Josef I," April 20.

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Spring tour Mar. 27. Fall tour Sept. 27.

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Westward tour from San Francisco, Sept. 27. Summer tour across Siberia sails in June.

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The most delightful way to see Europe. Write us.

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Naples to Scotland, $600. Experienced leader. Miss ELLIOT, 1956 East 101st St., Cleveland.

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Attractive tour for private party of five. June 26—August 28. Italy to England, $675. Address Miss A., 4,931, Outlook.

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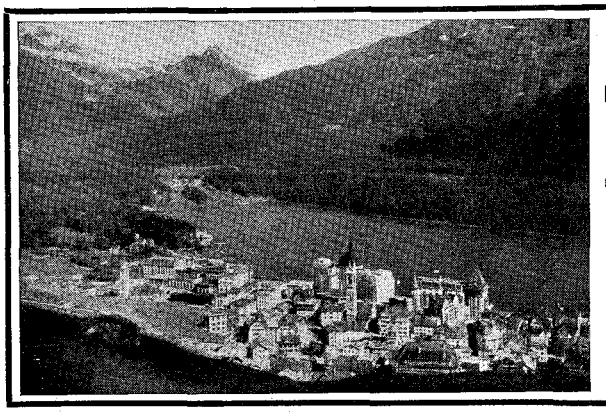

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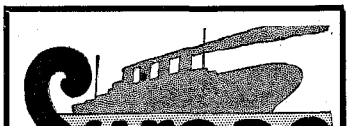

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A History of your case from your Physician is of great value to our Medical Staff. Reservations for accommodations must be made in advance. **Recourse to foreign spas no longer necessary.** Ample evidence to sustain this contention forwarded on application to **Resident Manager.**
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NEW YORK

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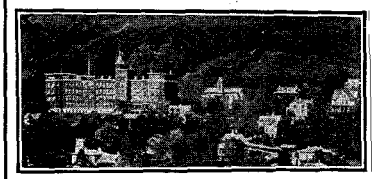

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A quiet, restful HOME for the nervous invalid. Booklet on application. Drs. F. W. and F. W. SEWARD, Goshen, N. Y.

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The Saratoga Springs Sanitarium
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Easton Sanitarium For treatment of the nervous or mentally ill. Superior location; skilled care. Visit here before selecting a place elsewhere, or call up Dr. Kinney for particulars. Phone 1661, Easton, Pa.

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Artistic cottages, furnished in mission style. Baths. For rent by the season or month. **Central Dining Hall.** Private trout stream. M. C. LOCKWOOD.

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Under management of Friends. 1,800 feet above sea level. Steam heated, baths en suite, sun parlor, library; fine scenery, dry and exhilarating atmosphere. L. M. DENGLER, Mgr., Pocono Manor P. O., Monroe Co., Pa.

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Western Pennsylvania. Country boarding with refined family; excellent table; comfortable rooms; bath; sports. Terms reasonable. References, 4,903, Outlook.

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Gentleman's country seat for rent, furnished. Beautiful grounds of thirty acres, with running brook, century-old stone house with recent fine renovations, containing hall, library, office, parlor, tea-room, dining-room, butler's pantry, kitchen, laundry, servants' dining-room, refrigerator room, five master's, four servants' bedrooms, five bathrooms, electric light, steam heat; stable; large garden with fruit. Rent $3,000, with deduction to right tenant for more than one season, or would sell three years' leasehold. Full particulars of SACKETT, CHAPMAN & STEVENS, Attorneys, Tribune Building, New York.

Gentleman's country place. 175 acres. Beautiful location. Elevation 1,200 feet. 100 acres tillable, 30 acres woodland, some heavy timber (more woodland available). Stream through property, easily convertible into a lake. Sulphur well and other springs. Several large lakes in vicinity. Fine fishing. 3 large barns, blacksmith shop, carpenter's shop and garage. House of 20 rooms in course of construction, nearly finished. 12 rooms first floor, 9 rooms second floor, third floor unfinished. Large dining-room, parlor, etc. Five master's bedrooms, 3 for servants. Electric light and power. Two miles from railroad station. For further particulars, if interested, write G. L. HURD, Real Estate, Lakeville, Conn. Also fine farms, homes and estates for sale and to rent, vicinity of Amenia, N. Y.; Canaan, Sharon, Salisbury and Lakeville, Ct.

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Camden, Maine Summer cottages with all modern appointments. Seashore and mountain location. J. R. PRESCOTT, Newtonville, Mass.

Summer Home For Sale

In Old New England Village, Farmington, Me.

Forty miles south from Rangeley Lakes, about 2 acres of land with lawn, fine old shade trees, brook. One story, 12-room house; private spring and town water, sewers, cemented cellars; steam heat, open fireplaces, stable. Photographs sent on request. Address OWNER, 4,803, Outlook.

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Farm for Sale To settle estate. A rare bargain for Summer Home. 2 hours from Portland, on Grand Trunk R.R.; 2 miles from station and from Paris Hill. 85 acres, fruit trees, brook; fine views. Modern, 2-story, 8-room house, spring water, large barn, good condition. Price low for quick sale. Photographs. Address 4,805, Outlook.

FIFTEEN-ACRE ISLAND in beautiful Casco Bay for sale within the limits of the City of Portland. Fine harbor and sandy beach, spring of fresh water, splendid ocean view. Ernest E. Noble, Portland, Me.

MAINE COAST

Islands and farms for summer homes. H. P. WILLETT & Co., Waldoboro, Maine.

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Ideal Water Front Farms

FOR SALE. On river, bay, and ocean on the Delaware-Maryland-Virginia Peninsula. Good shooting and fishing. Wild duck and oysters in abundance. Climate mild, soil fertile. Several fine estates at reasonable prices. Write for description in detail. M. L. VEASEY, Box 22, Pocomoke City, Md.

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Furnished House in Cambridge, Mass.

next the Longfellow house, to rent for winter season 1912-13. 4 master's living rooms, kitchen, laundry, and drying-room; 6 master's bedrooms, 2 baths; 3 servants' and 1 trunk room; occupancy given after August 1, 1912. Apply to owner at 113 Brattle St.

Cape Cod Mass. Small summer bungalows 200 ft. from the ocean. Partially furnished for light housekeeping. $125 season. Open fireplace, bathroom. *S. W. Ball, 198 B'way, N. Y.*

To Rent—East Northfield, Mass.

Cottage of fifteen rooms, fully furnished, usually occupied by owner. House has wide porches, four open fireplaces, large kitchen, modern plumbing. Stable with rooms for coachman, small cottage adjoining. Surrounded with pines on hill with fine views; near hotel; three-quarters of a mile from Auditorium. $250 for season, *including ice and wood.* Apply to L. C. WOOD, Pyne Poynt, Camden, N. J.

FOR RENT A most delightful place to spend four months from May 1, 1912; modern furnished house with fine garden and lawn. Elm St., Northampton, Mass., $50 per month, Oliver Walker & Son, Northampton, Mass.

For sale. Ideal summer home, Berkshires, near Pittsfield. 30 acres, woods, water. Modern 12-room house, wide piazzas, magnificent view. Barn, ice-house. ¼ mile station. Price, $12,000. Opportunity, 4,883, Outlook.

The Call to Berkshire

I have large and small **furnished cottages to rent—farms and fine estates** in and about

STOCKBRIDGE

to sell. Parties interested will find it to their advantage to apply to **the Local Agent,** DANIEL B. FENN, Stockbridge, Mass.

Cottage to Rent—Mass.

7 rooms, furnished; seashore; finest boating, bathing, and fishing. Address 4,941, Outlook.

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A Farm of 130 Acres

Situated 1,200 Feet Above Sea Level
50 Mile View

100 acres woodland; 30 acres rich soil. A house, a bungalow and a barn; 1¾ miles from East Jaffrey, 5 miles from Dublin Lake, 2 deep wells of finest water; a cistern supplies bathroom. Will sell the whole, or parts. DAVID KENDRICK, East Jaffrey, N. H.

For Sale or to Rent A large, modern, pleasantly-located *poultry farm. Commodious dairy, barn,* horse stables, coach house, etc. All buildings supplied with running water. Electric lights, bath-room conveniences. Thirty acres of land, suitable for market gardening. Address Dr. Burton C. Russell, Keene, N. H.

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Atlantic Highlands and West Englewood Cottages; 10 rooms. $100 down and $50 monthly. ACKERMAN, 187 Greenwich, N. Y.

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The Mountain Town
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A splendid location on Mountain Avenue—frontage 232 feet, depth about 200 feet. Overlooking Anderson Park; many beautiful trees; a most desirable building site. About 8 minutes' walk from the Upper Montclair Station.

Your Own House

The owner of a valuable piece of land between two of the most prominent residential thoroughfares in Montclair has authorized me to offer the property for residential purposes, and is willing, under certain conditions, to build one, two, or three houses on this property. Here is a splendid opportunity for some one who desires a new home in a most desirable locality and who can in this way secure just what is desired with a minimum of trouble.

To Let from June 15th

A fine old-fashioned home, cool and airy, fully furnished, 2 baths, 7 bedrooms, 4 large fireplaces; large enclosed and screened piazza, plenty of grounds and shade, handy to stations and trolley. Rent low to the right party. Address
ARTHUR M. MORSE, 289 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

NEW YORK

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If you want a camp or cottage on any lake or in any village in the Adirondacks, write for a free illustrated booklet. William F. Roberts, Real Estate Office, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

ADIRONDACKS
LAKE PLACID
For Rent, Most Beautifully Situated Camp

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AT ESSEX
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Large Camp Cottage for Rent for Summer

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Furnished cottage to rent. Seven rooms and bath, garden and garage. High elevation; 30 miles from N. Y. E. Johnson, R. F. D., Monsey, Rockland Co., N. Y.

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An attractive summer home, overlooks river and mts.; fine shade and fruit trees; will sell house, outbuildings (1 acre) for $5,500, or 4 acres $6,000 net. Address E. E. CHASE, 78 Washington St., Newport, R. I.

Real Estate

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in fine country town, Steuben Co., New York. Well-built 11-room house, electric lights, bath, and furnace. 1½ acres land, big barn, and a 100-foot poultry house. All kinds of fruit trees and small fruits. Fine location for doctor or dentist. Price $4,500. Five hundred dollars down. Terms reasonable. Worth double this amount. Mrs. K. MEAD,
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A Most Desirable Hudson River Home Property
SITUATED IN
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New York State

Nine and one-third acres, rolling, well-wooded, and picturesque. Commanding beautiful view of the Hudson River. House of 14 rooms. New cottage and small stable. Neighborhood quiet and refined, easy of access, fine private schools and many other advantages. Is now offered at a very low price, as owner's interests are elsewhere. A bargain for any one desiring all city conveniences and country life combined. Address Arthur M. Morse, 289 4th Ave., New York

FOR SALE
Gentlemen's Home

on banks of the **Hudson River,** two complete sets of buildings; mansion cost $25,000. 120 acres of fertile land. For particulars write
Lasher's Real Estate Agency, Valatie, N. Y.

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70-acre deer park; farm land; Hudson River scenery; 28 miles N. Y. 21 rooms, modern dwelling, latest improvements; barn, garage, two tenant houses; public water; two-thirds actual cost. W. B. YOUNG, 115 B'way, N. Y.

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throughout 16 Eastern and Southern States, $15 to $50 an acre. Livestock and tools often included to settle estates quickly. Big illustrated catalogue free. We pay buyer's railroad fare. E. A. STROUT Farm Agency, Station 2716, 47 West 34th St., New York City.

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WOODSTOCK, VT.—Delightful summer home for rent. The King Farm, large house, furnished, tent, commanding view, modern conveniences, spring water, mile from village. Address H. S. Dana, Woodstock, Vt.

Property Wanted

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a site with building, on lake or stream, accessible to good settlement, within twelve hours of New York. Location of superior healthfulness. Furnished or not, for rental or purchase. Write full particulars to
F. S. Hackett, Riverdale-on-Hudson, N.Y.C.

WANTED From June 15 to Oct. 15, small, completely furnished cottage with bath, etc., also garden, in a village, Northern New Jersey, Long Island, or Conn. Reasonable rental. Send full description and picture. 4,933, Outlook.

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Apartment to Sublet Exclusive Central Park West Section. 10 rooms, 3 baths. Sunshine in every room. Immediate possession and very liberal concessions. 880, Outlook.

CANADA. Suite of four rooms and bath to rent for the summer in private home; delightfully and conveniently located. Miss H., 61 Howland Ave., **Toronto.**

Summer Camps

NEW FARM The Summer Home School in Rye Beach, N. H., offering exceptional advantages both in the way of sports and studies, and connected with Westchester Academy, will reopen its session for boys and girls (in separate departments) on June 15th. Address Head Master, Westchester Academy, White Plains, N.Y.

Camp Oxford An ideal Summer Camp for Boys, **Oxford, Me.** "I commend Camp Oxford, without reserve, as a healthful, happy, helpful summer place for boys."—Bishop Edwin H. Hughes. Sports and pleasures of every kind. Booklet.
A. F. CALDWELL, M.A.

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THE NICATOUS CLUB

In the heart of Maine's big game country. Splendid Moose and Deer shooting. Salmon and Trout Fly Fishing all summer.

This club was organized in 1893 by fifteen sportsmen. Land purchased from the famous guide Jock Darling, who made his master stroke in selecting these attractive grounds. Nine adjacent lakes without camps of any kind. Owing to death of several charter members a few non-assessable shares are now for the first time for sale at $50 per share. Annual dues $10. Membership and shares limited. Right to reject any application reserved. A club that true sportsmen can appreciate. No bar. For particulars address R. L. CALKINS, 428 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

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WILLIAM WALLACE YOUNG

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BOARD AND ROOMS

GOING to Washington? Secure first-class accommodations at 1015 15th St., N. W.

VENTNOR, N. J. Seaside home for convalescents near boardwalk. Attractively furnished rooms with private bath and sleeping porch. Sun parlor on two floors. Good food, care, and attention. Man attendant for invalid gentleman. References exchanged. 7,328, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FOR lease or sale. A school property located on the Hudson. Some business assured. All in excellent condition. 7,314, Outlook.

"REASON-why" advertising things. luminous and convincing. Francis I. Maule, 411 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WESTERN farm mortgages netting 6% collected and remitted free. Send for descriptive booklet "S" and list of offerings. E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.

FOR THE HOME

DOMESTIC SCIENCE handbook free. Correspondence courses. American School Home Economics, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

INCREASE your earning power by learning to write advertisements. Facts sent free. Page-Davis Co., Dept. 32, Page Building, Chicago.

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HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Housekeeper who can act as companion for two young girls. A young woman of refinement and education may secure a pleasant home and surroundings in Brooklyn by addressing 7,316, Outlook.

COMPANION, over thirty, for gentleman recovering from nervous breakdown. Must be refined, strong, willing to do out-of-door farm work with patient. Salary good. J. T., Garrison, New York.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHERS wanted. Vacancies rapidly occurring. Write to-day for booklet. New Century Teachers' Bureau, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

TEACHERS WANTED for public and private schools. Emergency calls daily. Send for Bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

A musical kindergartner wanted in school for backward children near Philadelphia. Resident position. Salary $25 a month. 7,303, Outlook.

WANTED—Girls' summer camps. French governess $50 (Europe). Housekeepers, children's nurses, teachers. Supplies families, schools, institutions, hospitals. HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

WOMAN LIBRARIAN, with training and experience, wishes position in a college library, work to begin September 1, 1912. 7,263, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, graduate nurse, would like position companion, secretary. 7,304, Outlook.

DIETITIAN wishes situation, preferably in New England or New York State. Graduate Pratt Institute, and practical experience in Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia. Address Miss Dorothy Bellows, Box 83, Springfield, Mass.

Business Situations

YOUNG man, Friend, principal high school, college graduate, desires position for summer. Hotel and camp experience. Simeon Jester, Moorestown, New Jersey.

PRIVATE secretary desires position. Educated young lady, experienced stenographer. Highest references. 7,302, Outlook.

COMPANION or secretary for traveling expenses during summer by educated woman. 7,267, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

EXPERIENCED managing housekeeper desires engagement. Best references. 7,313, Outlook.

GENTLEMAN teacher wishes occupation for summer vacation or permanent; good companion, experienced traveler. 7,312, Outlook.

FRENCH lady, speaking English, desires position as companion. Like to travel. Good references. Address 7,327, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, high school graduate, wishes work few hours daily as companion for children or invalid in New York City. 7,325, Outlook.

CULTURED young English woman having completed successful engagement as companion wishes similar position. Can supervise household. Traveled extensively. 7,322, Outlook.

USEFUL companion wishes position. References. 7,320, Outlook.

POSITION as managing housekeeper or matron; school or institution preferred; experienced. Address 248 East Third St., Moorestown, New Jersey.

POSITION as useful companion, mother's helper. $35. 7,319, Outlook.

YOUNG woman speaking both French and German wishes to act as companion to lady going abroad for the summer. Excellent reference. 7,329, Outlook.

CANADIAN young woman, accustomed to Europe, wishes position as traveling companion, secretary. Could chaperon young girl. 7,330, Outlook.

WOMAN seeks a position of trust, hotel or private, city or country. Would care for elderly people as companion-housekeeper; good seamstress. Would travel. References. 7,331, Outlook.

NURSE-companion chronic or semi-invalid. Willing to travel. 7,332, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman wants position after July 1st; companion, secretary. References exchanged. 7,318, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

YOUNG French woman, educated Brussels, Paris, in this country two years, speaking some English, who, owing to the death of her mother, is obliged to seek position, desires that of governess or companion. Can also teach music, singing. Best references as to character and ability. Mademoiselle Jacobs, 405 Tompkins St., Syracuse, N. Y.

FRENCH teacher (lady), speaking German, English, wishes position for the summer vacations. Best references. Mdlle. Robert, Stuart Hall, Staunton, Va.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

DOMESTIC science teacher desires engagements to teach invalid cookery and dietetics in hospital training schools. 7,311, Outlook.

SITUATION wanted, tutor. A college graduate (gentleman) desires situation in private family during summer months. 7,309, Outlook.

MUSICAL

PIANO student, wishing rapid progress, correct execution, with musical understanding, will find it to advantage addressing 7,277, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

"MRS. Bagg's Bargain Day" (Rice). Comedy. 25 cts. Terms: Mrs. R. M. Ely, Cummington, Mass.

SHOPPING done free of charge. Smart dresses made to measure at very reasonable prices. 6,718, Outlook.

GENEALOGICAL Research. Ethel Lord Scofield. Box 57, East Haven, Conn.

MAKE YOURSELF CONVERSATIONALLY ATTRACTIVE. Newest and easiest method of learning FASHIONABLE FRENCH, for use in society, at home or abroad. All drudgery eliminated. New text specially prepared. Simple and easy. One month's lessons will convince you. Particulars on request. Charretier French School, Lock Box 1,325, Pittsburgh, Penna.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

GIRLS' school, established for thirty years, high-grade, in the country, finest location and surroundings with best reputation and equipment, prosperous, making money, is considering increasing its enrollment, which will at once more than double present profits. Owner is looking for live man or woman who has had experience in school work and is anxious for an opportunity to acquire an interest in the school business where returns are assured by past success and present reputation. No agents. Information to principals only, giving references and experience. 7,233, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse will take into attractive private home nervous, insane, or semi-invalid patient. Healthful, beautiful country. Highest references. Address 7,308, Outlook.

HAND-colored Easter cards, exclusive designs, sent on approval. Jessie H. McNicol, 18 Huntington Ave., Boston.

Try Brother Cushman's New Twine at His Expense

You in the household and you in the office who use any old odds and ends of string and are willing to pay a fair price for a Ball of Good Honest, Strong, Attractive Twine

Should Send a Postal for a Three-Yard Free Sample

A full weight ball prepaid **for 25 cents,** *275 yards to a ball.* Colors: Red, White, or Blue.

Children Are Delighted With the

Wonderful Japanese Water Flowers

Unique and interesting to all. When placed in slightly warm water, they will develop almost instantly. Two packages, **10** cents prepaid. Two attractive boxes each containing about two dozen flowers and of a finer quality, **25** cents prepaid.

Eat Grape Fruit the right way; send to-day for the

New Grape Fruit Knife

Gets all the fruit, but does not cut the sectional skin, or show cutting when ready to serve. *No spattering; no eating or tasting the tough sectional skin, if you use this knife.*

Ebony Handle, plated blade, **50** cents prepaid.
Beech Handle, steel blade, **25** cents prepaid.

Brother Cushman Sells Good Goods at 6 Corners, Montclair, New Jersey

ORIGINAL—GENUINE

HORLICK'S

Delicious, Invigorating

MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations — Ask for "HORLICK'S" — Everywhere

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MORE ARTICLES

IF you are reading Martha Bensley Bruère's articles on the Home Spending Problem, you will see that The Outlook is treating this subject not in a theoretical but in a practical way, based on actual experiences of real families. Mrs. Bruère's opening articles, entitled "What Is the Home For?" "Savings or Efficiency?" and "The Cost of the Child," have proved to be vitally interesting to many housewives—and to many married men—and have aroused wide discussion. Her future articles on Home Spending promise to be equally valuable. The Outlook is planning many other articles on Home-Making, which will show from various points of view what the home problem really is. They will express the principle that woman's work in the home needs scientific treatment just as does man's work in the office or factory.

The Home and the Market

This will be a discussion as to whether it is cheaper and *better* to do your own purveying, or to force the big corporations to do it for you. It will consider the problems of individual buying; of dispensing with the middleman by co-operative buying, which is merely substituting your own time and strength for the money you pay him in profits; some experiments in supplementing your table supplies by a home garden; the advantages and disadvantages of using standardized products like canned goods, crackers, bakery products, etc. The material for this article has come from Michigan, Iowa, Virginia, Massachusetts, and New Jersey.

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ON HOME MAKING

Home Administration

A discussion of the running of the internal machinery of the house. The author has the experiences of women forming a graduated scale from those who do their own work under almost primitive conditions, up to two (one in Texas and one in Massachusetts) whose homes are equipped with the last word in labor-saving devices. This article will get right down to pots and pans, vacuum cleaners and electric irons. It will show the line below which they are financially impossible and the line above which they are financially unnecessary. In this article co-operative housekeeping and schools of domestic science will also be considered.

The Eliminated

The Outlook is receiving letters from people both below the income limit of $1,200 and above that of $6,000 a year,—the limits fixed by The Outlook's inquiries. The most typical ones are from a post-office employee, a school-teacher, a department store manager, and a salaried man in a little village. They make an interesting collection, and Mrs. Bruère will endeavor to show where they succeed and fail. This is a most significant group to consider, especially in view of the widespread delusion that a family can be adequately supported on less than $1,200 a year.

These and other articles yet to be announced are made up from material which Mrs. Bruère has been collecting during the past four years, supplemented by many letters of experience which are coming to her through The Outlook.

The Outlook

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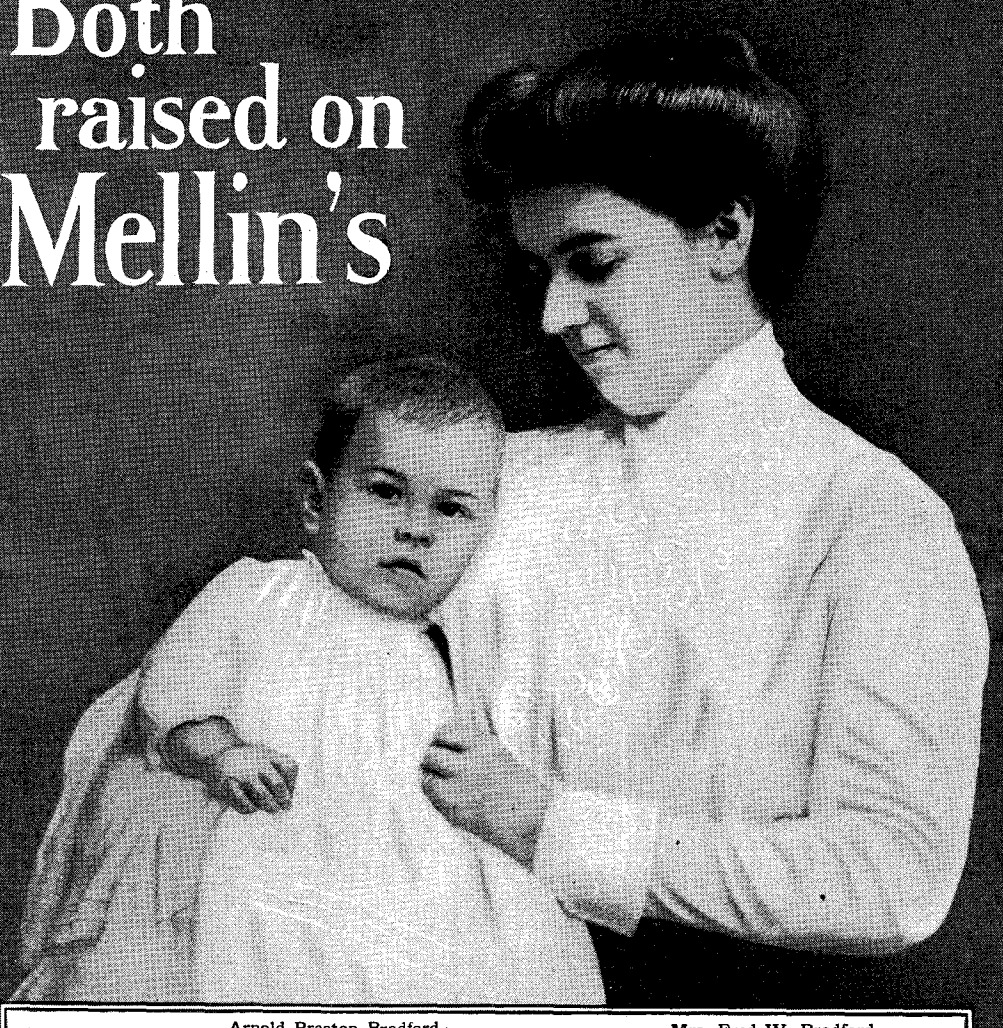
Both raised on Mellin's



Arnold Preston Bradford

Mrs. Fred W. Bradford
Concord Junction, Mass.

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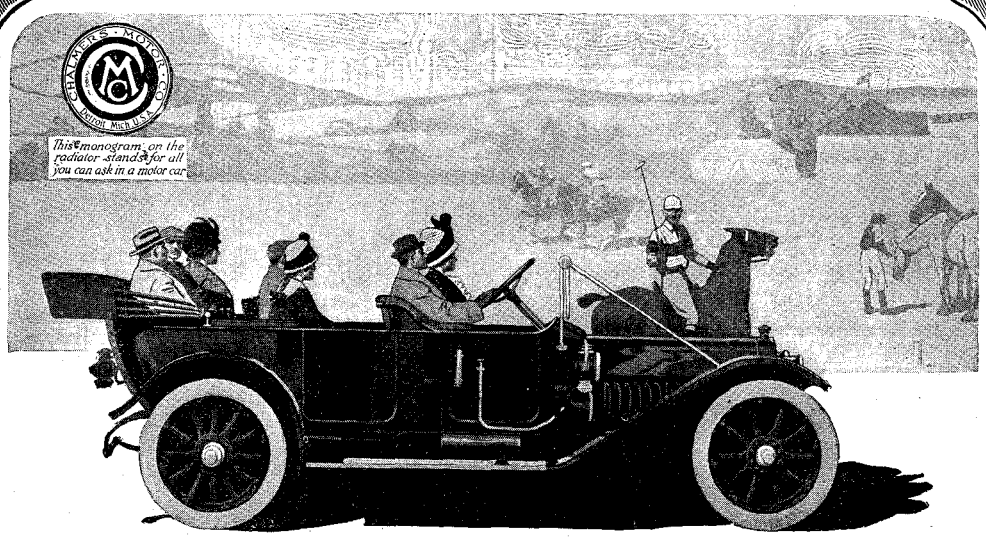

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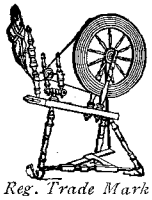

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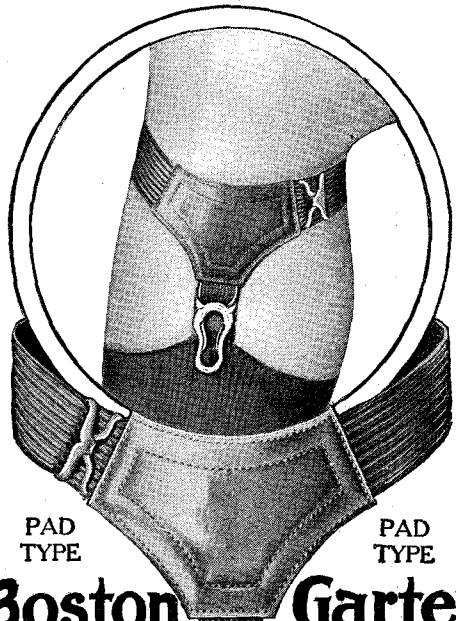

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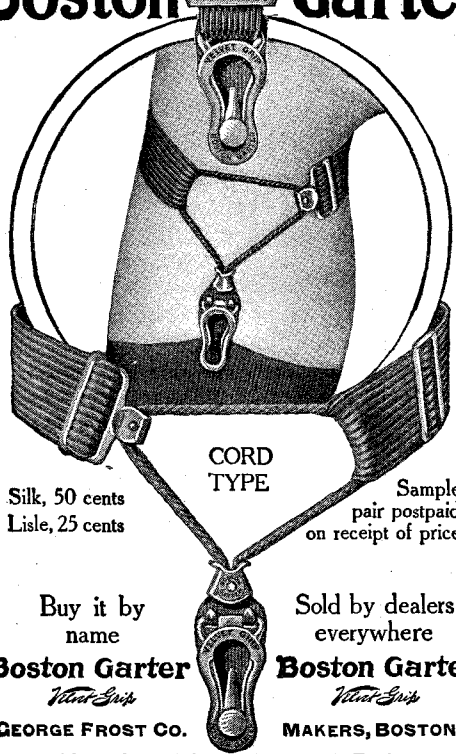

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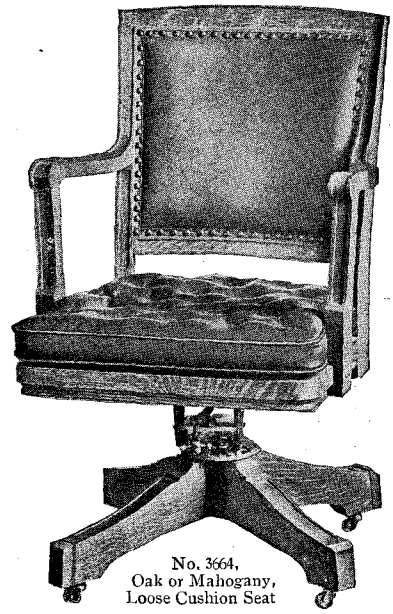

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